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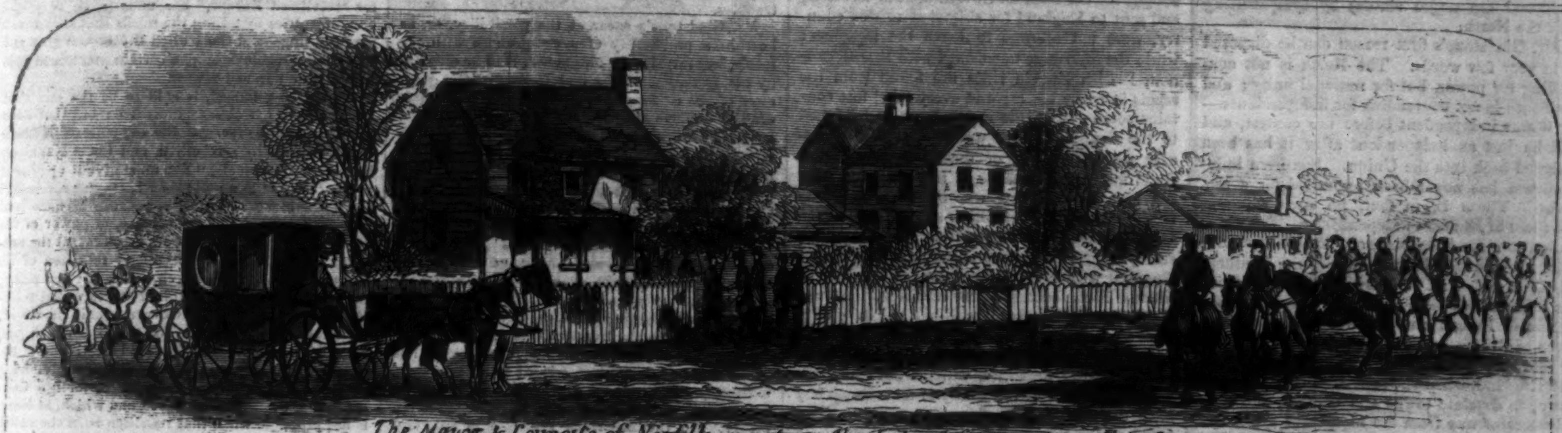
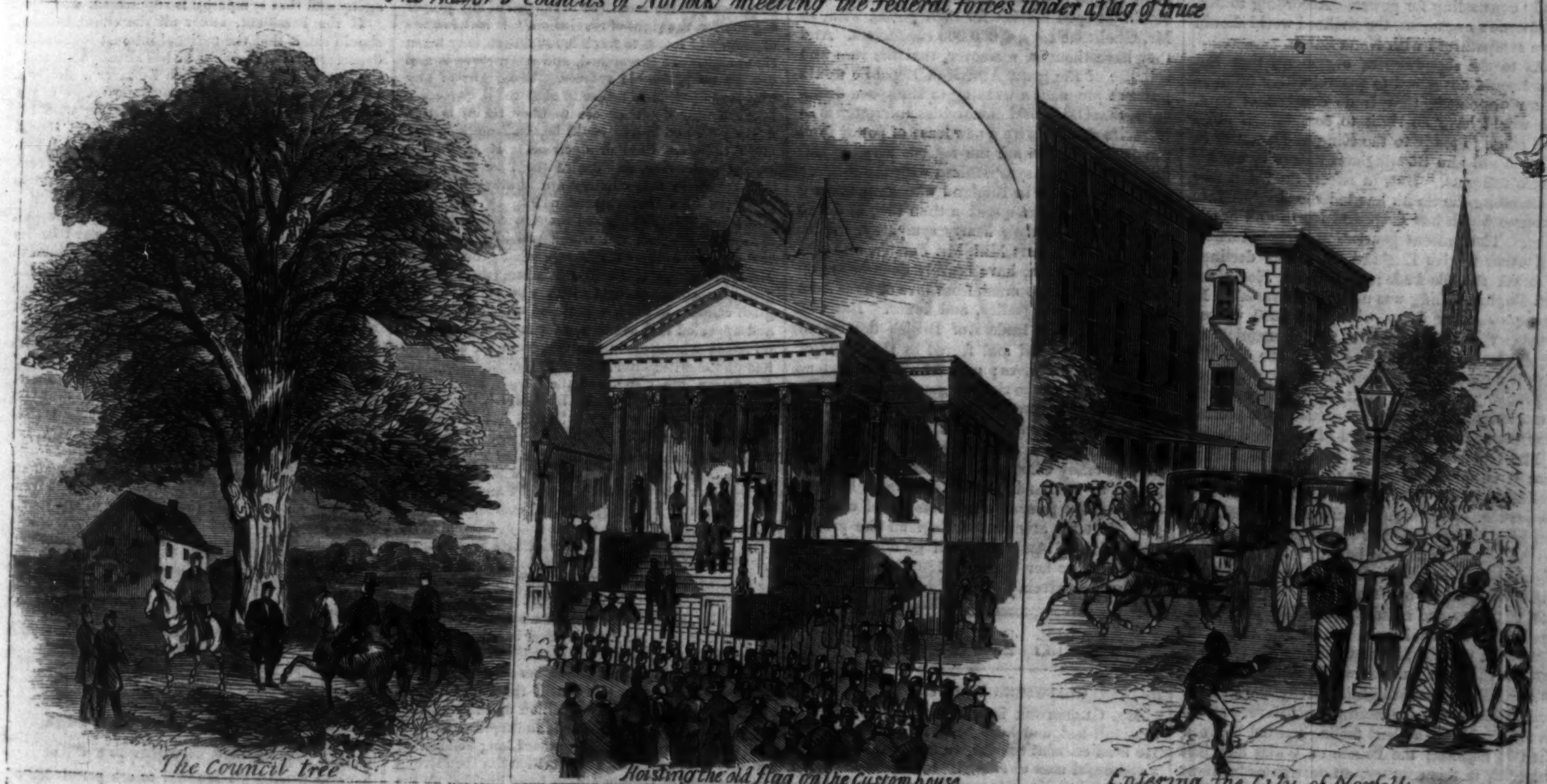


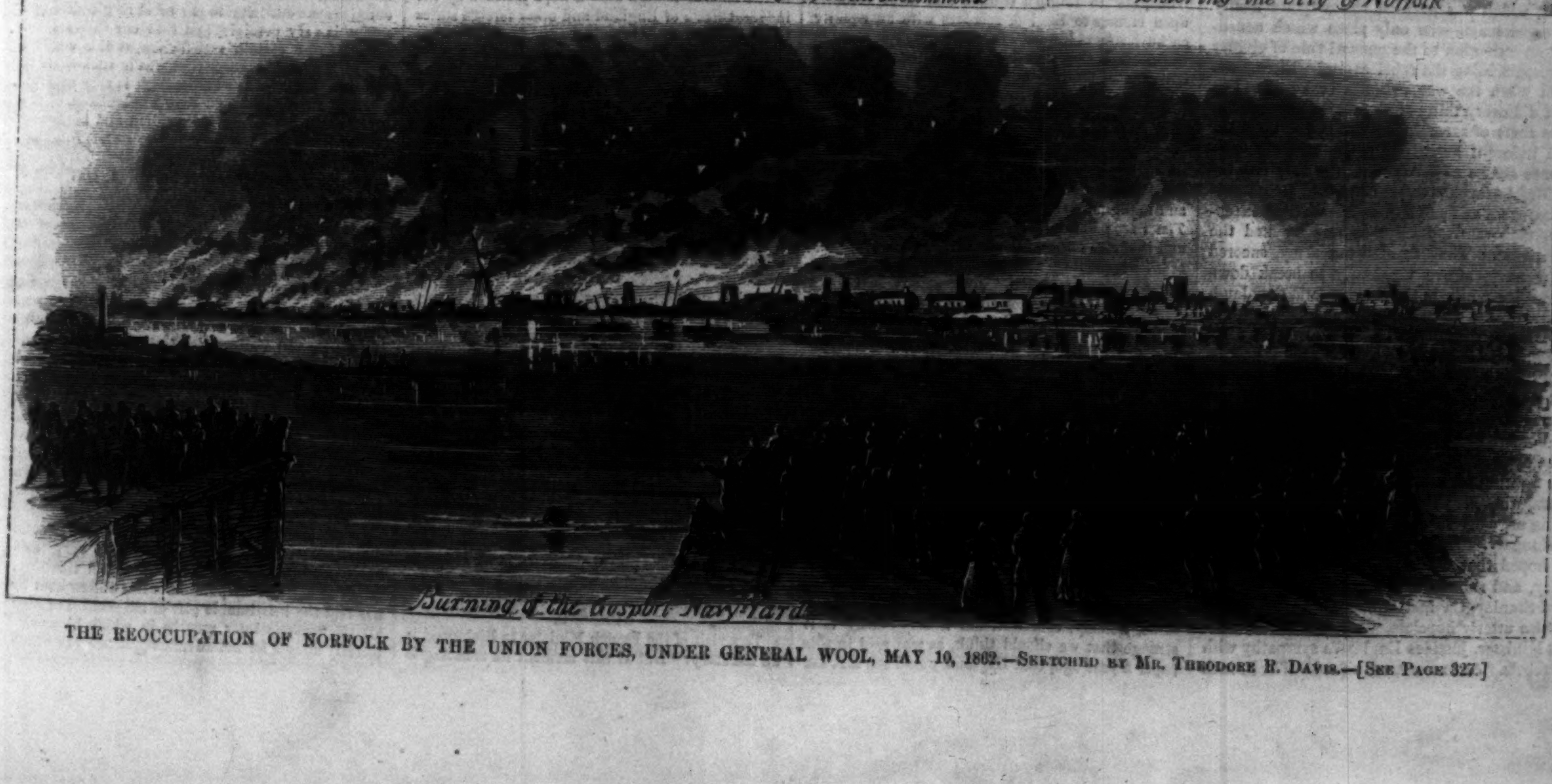
The Mayor & Councils of Norfolk meeting the Federal forces under a flag of truce



The Council tree

Hoisting the old flag on the Custom house

Entering the City of Norfolk



Burning of the Gosport Navy Yard

THE REOCCUPATION OF NORFOLK BY THE UNION FORCES, UNDER GENERAL WOOL, MAY 10, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 327.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE ENGLISH.

MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and a leading member of the Palmerston Cabinet, has lately attempted, in a public speech, to show that the contempt which the course of the English with regard to this country has aroused among liberal people of all nations is unjust and unmerited. He admits that Great Britain has sympathized with the Southern rebels. This he justifies, first, on the ground once taken by Earl Russell, that the North is contending for power, the South for independence; and secondly, because it would have been impolitic for England to have made enemies of 8,000,000 Southerners (whereof 4,000,000 are negro slaves) by sympathizing with the North.

Mr. Gladstone's first reason can be disposed of in very few words. The North is not contending for power, but for national unity; and the South is not contending for independence—for it was independent before the contest, and will be just as independent after it has been whipped back into the Union. Southern independence has never been imperiled for a moment. There is, in fact, no such thing as *Northern* or *Southern* independence. The whole Union is alike independent. Mr. Gladstone is evidently confounding the case of the Southern rebellion with that of other rebellions in which his interest has been more direct. When the people of Bengal and the Northwestern Provinces of British India rebelled against England in 1857 they were contending for independence; and England, when she sent armies to put them down, to desolate towns and villages, and blow prisoners of war from the mouths of guns, was really contending for power. According to Mr. Gladstone's argument, the civilized world should have sympathized with Nena Sahib.

As to the shop-keepers' argument, that England could not afford to quarrel with 8,000,000 future customers, that is no concern of ours. We would have no right to complain if John Bull chose to toady to the King of Dahomey in order to sell him Birmingham knives to cut his people's throats. But, in effect, the mean fear of offending the South has led the English into a course which has disgusted North and South alike. The present generation of Southerners will never forgive England for having declined to break the blockade; and at the North the anti-English feeling was never so universal. In trying to curry favor with 8,000,000 of our people, the English have made enemies of 30,000,000. It is very sad, and we heartily wish it were otherwise; but the fact is, that there is probably no other point on which so many Americans are thoroughly agreed at the present moment as in cordial hatred of the English.

Mr. Gladstone's speech leads us to believe that it is hardly necessary to explain why this feeling exists. The British conscience admits its justice. When the sword was forced into our hands by the madness of the Southern rebels, we had every reason to believe that, of all foreign nations, England would be sure to sympathize with us in our troubles. We were her best customer and closest ally. We were menaced with national ruin by an institution of which she was the uncompromising foe. It was evident that our success would fatally weaken, as our failure would mightily strengthen slavery, and England was the leading anti-slavery power in the world. The best feeling existed between the two nations; the Prince of Wales had just received, in this country, an ovation as brilliant as that which was granted to Lafayette nearly thirty years ago—the only place which constituted an exception to the general rule of civility and respect being the rebel capital—Richmond.

Yet when the war actually broke out, England did every thing she could do to assist the rebels short of actually declaring war upon us. With indecent haste she recognized the Confederate States as belligerents the very day before Mr. Adams arrived in England. Her newspapers, great and small, with a few bright exceptions, elaborately decried us and vaunted the rebel cause. They derided our army, sneered at our navy, strove vigorously to break down our credit; while, in the same breath, they lauded the rebels, talked of the chivalry of their soldiers, the sagacity of their leaders, and the utter impossibility of subjugating such a people. From being furious abolitionists, they became mild apologists for slavery. Nor was this sort of thing confined to the press. Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, gravely injured our cause in the eyes of the world by announcing that we were fighting for power against the poor Southerners, who were struggling for freedom; comparing us, as it were, to Austria, and the rebels to Hungary. Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister, hoped that we would see the folly of our policy, and submit to what Jeff Davis wanted. Lord Stanley, Cabinet Minister, deemed our enterprise utterly hopeless. Mr. Gladstone, Cabinet Minister, justifies England's sympathy with the rebels. As in word, so in deed. The French press have well depicted, in the contemptuous language it deserved, the fiery haste with which England tried to force us into a war on the *Trent* affair—at a time when our every nerve was strained to keep the rebels in check; and the savage fury with which the British rulers and most of the people learned that their prey had escaped them—when Mason and Slidell were surrendered. But for the aid afforded by British officials, privateering would have died out by mid-summer 1861. But the British port of Southampton gave willing shelter to the privateer *Nashville*, laden with the spoil of one of our merchant ships which she had burned; British men-of-war convoyed her to a safe distance in the channel; the British port of Gibraltar gave refuge to the privateer *Sumter*, and kept her there in spite of the Queen's proclamation; the British islands, Bermuda and Bahamas, have been nests of privateers ever since the war began; British flags and British registers have been at the service of the rebels whenever they were needed. So with arms. Belgian arms, bought for the Federal Government at Brussels, and sent to England for shipment to this country, were not allowed to leave the kingdom; while the *Merrimac* was armed with British cannon, British Enfield rifles are taken from the rebels in every battle; and every rebel fort contains some guns made in England, and shipped to the South since the war broke out. Whatever support, moral or material, the English could afford to the cause of the rebellion without actually declaring war upon us, has been freely tendered to Jeff Davis and his allies.

Lord Stanley, in a speech delivered not long since, argued that it was unreasonable to charge England with rebel sympathies, as she had no interest in the success of the rebellion. He was right, but his countrymen didn't see it. They have thought all along they had a deep interest in the division of this powerful country into two feeble, jarring republics, which would have no weight whatever in the family of nations. They have thought that, by the successful establishment of the Southern Confederacy, they would obtain an open market for their goods, with, as Mr. Gladstone says, 8,000,000 consumers. And they have thought, moreover, that the ruin and collapse of the great American Republic would prove so pregnant a warning to European democrats, that Old World monarchies and rotten aristocracies would derive a new lease of power from the event. These are the reasons why the English people have sympathized with the rebels.

There are men in England who have taken a broader view of the question than this, and who have granted us their hearty sympathy. John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Forster, and other prominent men, have bravely done battle on our behalf; not so much from love of us as from regard for truth, justice, and honor. But who are they? The leaders of British democracy—as heartily hated and feared by the rulers of England as ourselves; men who argue that no one is born with the right of governing his neighbor, and who, consequently, are traduced and scorned by the leading British journals, and have no more influence over the British Government than so many Choctaws. If these men were in power in England, there might be a hope of soothing the present angry temper of our people. But for aristocratic England the present generation of Americans will go down to their graves before her deeds in 1861 have been forgotten or forgiven.

THE LOUNGER.

GLADSTONE UPON THE WAR.

MR. GLADSTONE is one of the most brilliant, accomplished, and humane of English statesmen. He is an eminent scholar, an eloquent orator, and a successful man of affairs. He offers a series of "budgets" to English squires and three volumes upon Homer to English scholars with an equally enthusiastic welcome. In the Church a Tory, in the State a Conservative, Liberal, or Peelite, he is a man of many sympathies, and as good a representative Englishman as the times furnish.

Mr. Gladstone has lately made a speech at Manchester about American affairs. It is not a stupid speech, as Bulwer's was; nor a foolish speech, like Gregory's and the other allies of Slavery in the British Parliament; nor a consciously false and malignant statement, as the editorials of the *Times* are; but it is a curiously-mistaken speech, and it shows once more the mysterious incapacity of intelligent Englishmen, as a body, to understand the American question. John Stuart Mill, John Bright, and Mr. Forster are the conspicuous three who have shown that knowledge of our political history and system without which all opinion is visionary. Nor do we complain that men like Gladstone are ignorant; but we may justly wonder that, being ignorant, they are not also silent. Nor, again, shall we affect indifference to what such men as Gladstone say. Nations, like individuals, can not dispense with sympathy or intelligent appreciation, and may properly desire that their motives and their conduct should be understood.

Mr. Gladstone says that our expectation of sympathy was extraordinary. But why? If, as he says in the same part of his speech, England would have been content to see us expand—and if, as we all know, the essential cause of both nations is the same, namely, constitutional liberty—why is it strange that we should think, as was said in this paper a year ago, that England would see that her interest in this country lay in the success of the Government? His answer is, that to have expressed sympathy would have alienated the six or ten millions of men who might become an independent people. But if this were the question, why should England have alienated twenty millions who were already an independent people? Granting that the rebels succeeded, Mr. Gladstone did not doubt that we at the North were to remain a separate power, and therefore he must allow that England considered the friendship of the rebel section more valuable; in which case the theory of impartiality falls, and John Bull, cotton-spinner, stands clearly unmasked.

To suppose, which is his only alternative, that the United States ought not to have resented the proclamation of equal belligerence, is to assume that the British people would not have resented our recognition of Smith O'Brien's attempted or Nena Sahib's actual revolt against British rule. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone knows, and nobody better than he, that there was no serious chance of the rebels becoming an independent people if all nations friendly to the United States had treated this revolt as powers friendly to great Britain have always treated the Indian and Irish and Canadian troubles.

Mr. Gladstone's sneer at the possibility, or, as he thinks, probability of a compromise with the rebels, leaving slavery untouched, is to be excused by his ignorance of the real feeling of the great mass of the citizens of this country whom he naturally compares with the mass of English people, and it is justified by what he observes of the course of certain newspapers professedly loyal—by the presence of such persons as Vallandigham, Saulsbury, Powell, and Bayard in Congress—and by the votes and words of Union men like Garrett Davis and Wadsworth.

He proceeds to repeat Lord John's platitude that one side is fighting for supremacy and the other for independence; but not even Gladstone's golden lips can make it less a platitude. For is it not the case in every rebellion that authority tries to maintain itself, and the recusants to overthrow it? There can be no doubt of the fact, the question lies in the causes. Have men a right to take up arms to destroy a government against which they allege no oppression, but only a probable intention to oppress? For the American principle is not, and never was, in the mouth or in the pen of any proper expounder, the right of revolution. It is the rights of man, and resort to forcible revolution only when those rights are threatened, and when there is and can be no peaceable redress. The right of any number of people to refuse to obey the laws merely because they don't choose to obey them, is not, never was, and never could be, an American any more than an English doctrine. It belies the genius of the race, and contradicts its civilization. The rebels in this country are fighting for independence of a Government which, by their own admission, never oppressed them, which they have always controlled, and which provides peaceable remedies for every wrong. On what grounds does Mr. Gladstone, a civilized, Christian, educated Englishman, compare them with the people of the English colonies in 1776, who stated their grievances, and appealed and petitioned for redress—who had no voice whatever in the Government, and who had no Constitutional remedy? Gregory, Lindsay, Fergusson, the *Times*, and the *Herald*, and Slidell, Mason, Yancey, and W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, may say such things, but Mr. Gladstone is of another kind.

He adds, that we may conquer but can not conciliate—that if the rebels really wish to go they will go—and he falls back upon the analogy of the Revolution. The prophecy, of course, is to be proved by time; but the analogy fails utterly. The Government of the United States repressing a rebellion within its borders can not successfully be compared with that of Great Britain endeavoring to subdue colonies three thousand miles away.

Finally, Mr. Gladstone declares that history will record that civilized nations never before endured so generously the real misery occasioned by the civil and municipal quarrels of another state. And yet does not the event show that if those nations had originally regarded this rebellion as the causeless insurrection which we knew it and represented it to be, it would have been suppressed long before that misery became real? The rebellion has been strong in the hope of foreign aid—a hope justified by the indecent haste of England and other foreign states to recognize the rebels as belligerents.

The spring of this year will reveal to those states their fatal mistakes of a year ago. They treated us as death-stricken, because they wished us dead. They hated the democratic principle, for its triumph was their defeat. They feared the expanding nation; for united America was the arbiter of the Future. They dreaded war in the States lest the cotton supply should be endangered, and the want should breed trouble at home. Therefore they did all they could, short of aiding the rebels with arms, to force their success, to divide the Union, and to make war hopeless. But the delay which they interpreted as defeat was the necessary recoil for the decisive blow. The overthrow they saw at Bull Run was but the fall of Antæus to the ground. At Port Royal, at Mill Spring, Fort Henry, Donelson, Roanoke, Pea Ridge, Newbern, Winchester, Pittsburg Landing, Pulaski, New Orleans, Macon, Yorktown, Williamsburg—and, probably before these lines are read, at Richmond—they will see that Antæus has risen again invincible.

Great Britain has wantonly thrown away the friendship of this country, and Mr. Gladstone and the English Cabinet are directly responsible for it. The year convicts them of incompetent statesmanship; and in his effort to apologize and explain the adroitest orator in England stumbles and stammers, and the pitiful weakness, jealousy, and rage of Britain stand hideously exposed.

GUESSING.

THE visit of the French Minister to Richmond is an old story. But at this moment its meaning is not revealed. That every body should have a guess about it was most natural. But that the most humiliating of all conceivable interpretations should be put forth and gravely treated as possible by a loyal paper like the New York *Times* is significant and extraordinary. And as it is a story that may be revived in spirit or terms, it is worth while even now to look at its enormity.

The French Minister, according to the guess of the *Times*, went to Richmond by order of the Emperor to admonish the rebels that the civilized world sees that their game is up, and that they must lay down their arms, nor attempt a guerrilla warfare. But he assured the rebels that "to save their honor and their existence as a free people, * * * Mr. Lincoln's Administration will be held to a faithful observance of the programme with which he appealed to Europe." He further informed them that "their society shall not be disorganized, their industry shall not be overthrown," for the conscience of "European Governments" does not approve any scheme of immediate emancipation.

This is certainly the most remarkable sensation performance since the outbreak of the rebellion. Translated into the shortest terms, it is simply a statement that Louis Napoleon, affecting to speak for "civilized Europe," has undertaken to settle our difficulties by telling the rebels that they must stop fighting—and the United States Government that, if the rebels *do* stop, a certain prescribed policy must be pursued toward them.

This policy, indeed, is said to be the one that the President has already indicated; but that does not change the case. If the Republic of Monaco had been split by a rebellion, and Louis Napoleon had said to the rebels, "You must give it up;" and to the Duke, "You must do what you promised," there would be no surprise, because Monaco had no national dignity or importance, or power of independent action. But to suppose that, at the moment of suppressing a sanguinary rebellion of its citizens by means of an invincible army and navy, the Government of the United States would tolerate an agent of any other Government in the world, which should say to it, "Toe this line which you drew," is to suppose an absolute humiliation of the country, which the rebellion in its most promising moment, with all the sympathy of foreign Governments, was unable to effect, and which, at least, is not probable when that rebellion is in the death agony and that sympathy is suppressed.

If the President, under all the circumstances, should think that the national interest required no departure from the course he has already indicated, the interference of the French Emperor is simply a ludicrous impertinence, as any interference of the President's with the Emperor's dealing with his own rebels would be. If the President should think fit to change the policy, then the French Emperor's interference is simply a threat of intervention. In either case it is utterly disrespectful to the Government of this country.

If the Emperor, or the Queen, or any European King should at any time consider that our troubles threatened them greater harm than they chose to endure, they might take the risk of telling us that we endeavored to put down the rebellion at our peril. That is intelligible. That means war. But no other interference which shall not be insulting is conceivable. For there is no ground of mediation. The rebels in arms have by the law of their country forfeited their lives, if nothing more. Should any friendly power say, "We hope that you will not in all cases exact the utmost penalty," it would find that the prayer was unnecessary, because this Government will not be found less wise than the wisest, or less humane than the humanest. But such a prayer as that is very different from this talk about saving the existence of the rebels "as a free people," and of holding this Government to fidelity to its promises. This domineering and insolent tone of superiority upon the part of any power whatever would not be tolerated for a moment by the people of this country. Whoever gravely announces that it has been taken by Louis Napoleon, and that the President and Secretary of State look serene in consequence, only shows what an extraordinary conception he entertains of the character of those gentlemen and of the honor of the nation.

That Louis Napoleon may have seen the sure defeat of the rebels, that he may have admitted the wisdom of the President's policy, and that he may have instructed his Minister to ask permission of our Government to go to the rebel ringleaders and say so is very possible, and that our Government should feel a certain satisfaction at this conduct upon the part of a power that was in such haste to recognize the rebels as belligerents is very natural. That is an obvious and easy explanation of the friendliness between the President and his Secretary of State and the French Minister. But that the President and the Secretary looked happy because the French Minister told Jeff Davis that Louis Napoleon was going to hold the President to his word is the joke of a very funny man.

THE QUAKER GENERAL.

MR. OWEN LOVEJOY has not been considered a wag, but there was something very amusing in the simultaneousness of his resolution of praise to M'Clellan and Vallandigham's "democratic" address. The resolution was a wise thing well done. Those who do not like Mr. Lovejoy call it an act of penitence; but an act of penitence is always graceful and praiseworthy; and there is nothing so unusual in human speech as a public confession of error.

We do not remember that Mr. Lovejoy has been conspicuous in sharp criticisms upon "the Quaker General." If he has been, his resolution is all the more honorable to him. That there was a general desire that M'Clellan should fight is very true. That public confidence in him, even in this city, began to halt is indisputable. But throughout he has had the inestimable gift of silence. Through all the weary winter months in which he was so bitterly abused for not advancing, months in which men in Congress and out sneered and gibed at his miraculous faculty of staying in one place, he held his tongue triumphantly. For an American in his place at this time silence was greatness. What other man of us all, except Frémont, would not have written a letter, or made a speech, or authorized some friend to speak for us?

The question is not, and never has been, whether he were Napoleon, Hannibal, or Frederick the Great; whether if Alexander had been in Washington he would not have moved in December, or whether the Prince of Parma would not have cleared the Potomac. The question has always been perfectly simple—when and how can he best go to Richmond? Of that M'Clellan was the judge, and not a prejudiced newspaper correspondent at Willard's Hotel, nor a vehement partisan at the Capitol. Moreover he has always necessarily acted under this stringent condition, that *he* must not lose a battle. Other Generals might be beaten for a while, but his defeat lost Washington. Other Generals might move and retire, but M'Clellan could only march to assured victory.

And he has marched; and for the first time, in a private bulletin to his wife from his first victorious battle-field, he alludes quietly to the long abuse and doubt that have followed him, by saying that "the Quaker army" have done superbly. Events show that he has not been mistaken; that his estimate of the numbers and the strength of the enemy and their works has been correct. Every account declares that his coming turned the lingering day of Williamsburg into a brilliant victory. He came, he saw, he conquered—are almost the words of the reports. And at this moment the public confidence in him is entire, because he has persuaded every honest man in the country that he does not move until he is ready, and then moves resistlessly.

The week after the rebel flight from Yorktown reads like the Rich Mountain week of last spring. It blazes and rings with the light and the shouts of victory. And to complete his crown, it is Owen Lovejoy—politically the representative of his bitterest detractors, if not himself one—who rises in his place as a Representative and moves the sincere thanks of this House to Major-General George B. M'Clellan, for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life.

And all the people say Amen!

MILITARY PARTISANSHIP.

Since there are so many lively and graphic correspondents at the various seats of war, it would be a good thing if they could inform us exactly what we are to believe. It is curious, but it is true, that you can always anticipate the tone in which the correspondents of the different papers will treat facts. If General M'Clellan does something or doesn't do any thing, there are papers which will express a sneer. If General Frémont does or doesn't, others will do the same. You are sure never to know quite the truth about one General in one paper, or about another General in another. We are all as desperate military, as we have been political, partisans.

This feeling inevitably colors the statements of fact, so that the future historian of the war will have many a sharp word over the clashing testimony of eye-witnesses. For instance, there was the late retreat of the rebels from Yorktown. All the M'Clellan papers celebrated the "bloodless victory." In Albany they fired a hundred guns over his "glorious success." He had driven the rebels, demoralized and disorganized, in a panic rout. He had struck the *coup de grace* of the rebellion. The anti-M'Clellan papers, on the other hand, "didn't see it." He had been outwitted again. The rebels never meant to stand at Yorktown. They had no serious works. They mounted Quaker cannon. "The balloon first informed General M'Clellan of the escape of the foe, and of the disappointment of his preparations."

These are general statements, but side by side with them are details of fact—so called. A M'Clellan journal, recording that a party had returned from Yorktown, adds: "The stores abandoned by the rebels, they say, were immense, and exhibit the most conclusive evidence of demoralization and confusion in the retreat." "Competent judges, who went carefully over the ground abandoned by the rebels near Yorktown," says an anti-M'Clellan journal of the same morning, "say that there are no signs that their retreat partook of the character of a rout. There were no signs of demoralization whatever....The retrograde movement has all the appearance of being well ordered, in obedience to a preconcerted plan."

The *animus* of such conflicting statements is evident enough.

THE WORDEN TESTIMONIAL.

Nobody will deny that in this war the American Navy has sustained its old fame. When the rebel Commodore Barron, who was taken at Hatteras, heard at Fort Warren, where he is imprisoned, of the beautiful and brilliant victory at Port Royal, he jumped up, forgetting his treason in hearty pride and admiration of the service which had given his family name all its renown, and exclaimed: "I tell you nothing can stand against our navy!" The rebel Captain spoke truly. It was prophecy as well as history. Nothing has stood against it. Hatteras, Port Royal, Fort Henry, Roanoke, Island No. 10, and New Orleans are the witnesses.

But chief witness of all was the *Monitor* in her first fight with the *Merrimac*, for that marked an epoch in naval science and history. The battle itself resulted in defeating the only really formidable weapon the rebellion has brought against us. It saved more than can be computed. It was the single service of the war which stands pre-eminent among all the glorious successes, and it deserves—every loyal man feels it—the heartiest and amplest national recognition.

When General Grant took Fort Donelson he was properly made a Major-General; when Burnside captured Newbern he justly received the same honor; when Siegel and Curtis conquered at Pea Ridge they earned the grade they won; when Mitchell occupied Huntsville the President spoke for the grateful nation in nominating him also a Major-General. These were instances of splendid service promptly and honorably acknowledged and rewarded. Each sent a thrill of satisfaction to every sympathizing and admiring spectator. Surely Dupont, and Foote, and Worden have not done less brilliantly or deserved less than their brothers of the army, and we all wonder why they have not been distinguished with similar rewards.

The difficulty is not the ingratitude of the people nor the reluctance of the President, but simply the rule of the service. But whatever the impediment it should be removed at once. New grades of rank to be conferred for signal service should be immediately established. But meanwhile something can be done to show the sincerity of national feeling.

Lieutenant Worden, the gallant Captain of the *Monitor* in her most famous and eventful moment, was sadly wounded. The blow virtually destroyed his sight and shattered his system. In the instant of his glorious victory he fell—happily not so fatally hurt as Nelson at Trafalgar, but hopelessly and permanently. A generous instinct seeks to offer him the homage of respect and gratitude which the law can not afford. Mr. Everett and other noted gentlemen have suggested a subscription to a fund to be presented to the hero upon whom so many hopes hung that day, and who did not disappoint them. The sum already subscribed is considerable, and as the facts are made known it will doubtless largely increase. Mr. W. H Aspinwall is the treasurer, and every man will see the peculiar propriety of this offering to an officer injured for life in serving us, and whom our imperfect laws can not honor by that superior rank with which his brother-soldiers are honored.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When Sir John Scott (afterward Lord Eldon) brought in a bill for restraining the liberty of the press, an Irish member moved the insertion of a clause providing that all anonymous works should have the names of the authors printed on the title-pages!

* * *

The Biter Bit.—A lady having accidentally broken her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, every thing that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked!"

* * *

In a large party one evening the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said the father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you three hundred a year." "Yes, father, I must confess you allowed it, but then it was never paid."

* * *

A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies he was answered that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined; "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

* * *

"What are those speckled birds?" inquired Mrs. Skinflint of a poulterer. "Guinea fowls, ma'am." "Keep 'em, then," murmured the lady, as she walked away, disgusted at such imposition; "you don't get my guineas for 'em, that's all!"

* * *

When Dean Goodenough preached before the peers a wag wrote:

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

* * *

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

* * *

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

* * *

This pleasant little word we notice in the Darmstadt newspaper—"Civildienerwittweninstitut," meaning Institution for Widows of Civil Service Officers.

* * *

Letting the Cat out of the Bag.—A little girl the daughter of a baker, being asked in her class at a Sunday-school what bread was made of, answered at once, "Flour and alum, Sir!"

* * *

"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "'Cause, Sir, daddy is afeard that if I larns every thing now, I sha'n't have any thing to larn ven I comes to the 'cademy."

* * *

Next Door to a Fool.—"Mr. Brown," said a little boy to a gentleman who was calling on his father, "who is your next-door neighbor?" "Mr. Jones, my dear," replied the visitor. "Isn't he a very silly man, Sir?" asked the child. "No, my dear; Mr. Jones is a sensible man enough." "Oh, I don't think he is," persisted the boy, "for I heard mamma say to papa that you were next door to a fool!"

* * *

"I can bear," said a sufferer, "I can bear the squealing of a pig, the roaring of thunder, or the squall of ten thousand cats; but the voice of a dun is like the crack of doom; and when I hear a dun, I am *done* out and out."

* * *

Disadvantages of Ignorance.—A farmer recently received a very polite note from a neighbor, requesting the loan of an *ass* for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, the farmer hastily returned for answer, "Very well; tell your master I will wait upon him myself presently!"

* * *

To Cure the Gout.—Accustom yourself to virtue and well-water.

* * *

Catching a Tartar.—"Remember, Madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband. "Exactly," said the lady; "but do not you forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger *spirit* in it!"

* * *

"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I hab watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way nigger! S'pose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?"

* * *

A drunken fellow, at a late hour in the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendôme. A friend of his happening to pass, recognized him, and said, "Well, and what do you do here? Why don't you go home?" The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, 'tis just what I want; but the place is all going round, and I'm waiting for my door to go by."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 6, in the Senate, a resolution calling for all the official reports relative to the battle at Pittsburg Landing was laid over. The Homestead bill was taken up, and passed by a vote of 33 to 7. The debate on the Confiscation bill was resumed, and finally the subject was referred to a select committee. The Finance Committee reported the Internal Tax bill, and it was ordered to be printed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was reported appropriating $2500 indemnity to the officers and crew of the Spanish bark *Providencia*, illegally detained by the blockading squadron. A bill to punish frauds on the Government by fine and imprisonment was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution directing the steps to be taken for the impeachment of West H. Humphreys, Judge of the United States Courts for Tennessee, for high crimes and misdemeanors, was adopted. The Pacific Railroad bill was passed by a vote of 79 to 49. Mr. Segar was admitted a Member from the First District of Virginia, and took his seat. A resolution declaring F. W. Lowe not entitled to represent California was adopted. The Nebraska contested election was discussed till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, May 7, in the Senate, the House bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1862, was reported by the Finance Committee, and after a brief discussion as to the number of men in the army laid aside. The House bill to provide increased revenue was passed. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary with reference to the vessels seized by the rebels at New Orleans and other ports, and recaptured. Senator Sumner offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty, which was laid over. A bill for the relief of Captain Farragut, for advances made while in California, was passed. The House Committee appointed to impeach Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, appeared in the Senate and stated their business; but no action was taken on the subject. A bill regarding the number of generals in the army was debated; but no action taken. The select Committee on the Confiscation bill was announced, as follows: Messrs. Clark of New Hampshire, Collamer of Vermont, Harlan of Iowa, Cowan of Pennsylvania, Wilson of Massachusetts, Sherman of Ohio, Henderson of Missouri, and Willey of Virginia. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill making Port Royal, South Carolina, a port of entry was passed, and Mr. Daily was confirmed in his seat as delegate from Nebraska.

On Thursday, May 8, in the Senate, the House bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the pay of the army for the year ending June 30, 1862, was passed. The House bill making Port Royal, South Carolina, a port of entry was also passed. Messrs. Foster, Doolittle, and Davis were appointed a select committee to which was referred the House resolution relative to the impeachment of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee. The bill limiting the number of major and brigadier generals was passed. It limits the number of major-generals to 30, and of brigadiers to 200. Senator Sumner offered a resolution, which lies over, declaring that it is inexpedient to inscribe on the colors of regiments the victories won over our own citizens. The bill providing for the collection of taxes on lands in insurrectionary districts was explained by Senator Doolittle, and then laid aside. The bill relating to the selection of jurors for the District of Columbia was passed. A bill to abolish the office of Marshal of the District of Columbia and establish that of Sheriff was introduced by Senator Hale. The bill providing for the education of colored children was taken up, and an amendment adopted, repealing the black code of the District of Columbia. The Senate then adjourned.——No business of general importance was transacted by the House. Mr. Lovejoy called up his bill to secure freedom to all persons within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government, to the end that freedom may remain forever the fundamental law of the land, and in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the Government of the United States to make it so. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived by a vote of 50 against 65.

On Friday, May 9, in the Senate, the resolution presented by Senator Sherman, calling for the reports of the officers commanding in the two battles of Pittsburg Landing, was taken up, and debated at considerable length. It was finally passed. The Select Committee on the Humphrey's impeachment case reported assurance that they would proceed with the case immediately. The bill for the education of colored children in the District of Columbia was passed, 28 to 7. After an executive session the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered resolutions giving thanks to Almighty God for the recent successes of our arms against the rebels—expressing special satisfaction at the great triumphs of the Army of the Potomac, and tendering the sincere thanks of the House to General M'Clellan for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life. The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Mr. Lovejoy offered a substitute modifying the bill introduced by him on Thursday, and acted upon, providing for freedom in the Territories. A motion to lay it on the table was disagreed to, 65 to 50. Mr. Lovejoy demanded the previous question, but the House refused to second the demand. Mr. Lovejoy then moved to recommit the bill, and a long debate then occurred on the merits of the negro question generally, in which a number of members took part. The House finally adjourned until Monday without taking a vote.

On Monday, May 12, in the Senate, the bill providing for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts was taken up, and passed by a vote of 32 against 8. The House resolution, that Congress adjourn on the 19th of May was then taken up, on motion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, who moved to amend by fixing the 2d day of June as the time for the final adjournment; and in the course of his remarks said Congress had passed unconstitutional, iniquitous, and unwise measures, which he should counsel his people to resist by every mode of resistance they can devise. Senator Wilson pronounced the remark treasonable. Senator Davis explained that he meant nothing treasonable; and after some discussion the subject was dropped, and the resolution laid on the table. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill introduced by Mr. Lovejoy, abolishing slavery wherever the Federal Government has jurisdiction, was passed by a vote of eighty-five against fifty. The Senate bill empowering the Medical Inspector-General to discharge from service men physically disabled for duty was also passed. A Committee of conference on the Homestead bill was appointed. A bill defining and punishing treason was introduced and referred. The bill appropriating $6,000,000 for soldiers' bounties was passed. In case of the death of a person entitled to bounty it is to accrue to the widow, children, father, mother, brothers, or sisters of the deceased.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

General M'Clellan has pursued the enemy to a point within twenty-two miles of Richmond. The rebels were still in sight on Saturday at three o'clock, but were rapidly falling back. It was reported that they would make a stand at Bottom Bridge, on the Chickahominy River, fifteen miles from Richmond

GUN-BOATS ASCENDING THE JAMES RIVER.

The *Galena*, *Aroostook*, and *Port Royal*, started up the James River on Thursday morning, at six o'clock, to cut off the river communication with the rebels on the Chickahominy. They had passed Day's Point before seven o'clock, and heavy firing was heard at that time.

PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

The advance of the iron-clad gun-boat *Galena* up the James River has created the utmost consternation in Petersburg. The fact that she had silenced the rebel batteries at Day's Point and was approaching Petersburg caused a complete panic there.

SKIRMISH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

The rebels made a sortie upon General M'Dowell's advance, near Fredericksburg, on the Bowling Green road, on Saturday afternoon (10th), driving the pickets toward the city. General Patrick at once threw forward his brigade, whereupon the enemy made no further demonstration. The Harris Light Cavalry provoked the attack from the rebels by making a dashing reconnoissance, in which they captured a lieutenant and ten privates of the rebel force.

NAVAL FIGHT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A dispatch, dated Cairo, May 11, says: The desperation of the rebel cause in the Mississippi culminated yesterday in an attack on the flotilla. Early on Saturday morning eight of their gun-boats came round the point above the fort and boldly attacked our fleet. The *Cincinnati*, which was stationed at the point where the rebels came up to on Friday, did not attract them until the fleet had passed above her. As soon as she was seen a simultaneous attack from the whole of their gun-boats was made upon her, with but little effect, as the guns were poorly aimed. The *Cincinnati* in the mean time had hauled into the stream, when an iron-clad ram supposed to be the *Mallory*, advanced in the face of the continued broadsides from the former until within forty yards, and, being a faster sailer, succeeded in mooring between the *Cincinnati* and their right hand, when men appeared upon her decks, preparing to board with grapnels thrown out, which design was frustrated by throwing hot water from the steam batteries of the *Cincinnati*. In the mean time the rest of our gun-boats had arrived on the scene of action and engaged the fleet. The *Mallory*, undaunted by her failure, crowded on a full head of steam and came toward the *Cincinnati*, evidently intending to run her down. Captain Stembel, in command of the latter, waited until the rebel monster was within twenty yards, when he sent a broadside into her from his Parrott guns, which did fearful execution. The two boats were so close together by this time that it was impossible for the gunners of the *Cincinnati* to swab out the guns, and it was only by bringing the steam batteries to bear upon her again that the *Mallory* was compelled to haul off. Captain Stembel shot her pilot with his revolver, and was himself wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the pilot's mate of the *Mallory*. While the engagement between the *Mallory* and the *Cincinnati* was in progress our shots exploded the boilers of one of the rebel gun-boats and set fire to another, burning her to the water's edge. The air was very heavy, and under cover of the dense smoke which hung over the river the rebel fleet retired, but were pursued until they gained shelter under the guns of Fort Wright. None of our boats were injured except the *Cincinnati*. The damage to her is so slight that she can be repaired in twenty-four hours. Four men were wounded on her, including the master's mate. No other casualties are mentioned. When the smoke cleared away a broadside from the flag-ship *Benton* was sent after the *Mallory*, and shortly after she was seen to careen, and went down with all on board.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

The national forces now in the Southwest, and under the immediate command of Major-General Halleck, are divided into three *corps d'armee*—the Army of the Ohio, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Mississippi.

The Army of the Tennessee is divided into two grand divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Thomas and M'Clernand, and into divisions commanded by Major-General Lew Wallace, Brigadier-Generals Davis, T. W. Sherman, Hurlbut, M'Kean, and Crittenden.

The army of the Ohio is commanded in person by Major-General Buell, and the divisions commanded by Brigadier-Generals M'Cook, Nelson, Mitchell, and Woods.

The army of the Mississippi is commanded by General Pope in person, and its divisions commanded by Generals Paine, Stanley, and Hamilton.

The order of succession is arranged so that General Grant is second in command, that General being without any special command, his late army being distributed between Generals M'Clernand and Thomas.

THEIR MOVEMENTS.

General Buell's army has seized the portion of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad between Corinth and the Grand Junction, cutting off all communication between the two points.

On Friday the rebel General Bragg's division attacked General Paine's division, in position two miles beyond Farmington. A sharp engagement followed, our men fighting bravely, and making several bayonet charges on the enemy, who were repulsed with great slaughter. Large reinforcements of rebels having arrived, our troops returned to Farmington.

We lost nearly 200 in killed, wounded, and missing. No particulars are received.

THE BRIGAND MORGAN.

The rebel brigand, Morgan, with a force of about one thousand cavalry, attacked a small body of Union troops at Pulaski, Tennessee, on Friday last, and after a fight of two hours and a half, during which the rebels lost six killed and two wounded, and our troops lost two killed, three wounded, and one missing, the whole force was taken prisoners. The prisoners were released on parole, and are now in Nashville. The rebels outnumbered our forces four to one.

On Monday morning General Dumont, who had sent a strong body of cavalry in pursuit, found and attacked the united rebel cavalry under Morgan and Wood, at Lebanon, and utterly routed them, after killing a great number, capturing 150 prisoners and nearly all their horses and arms. The fight lasted an hour and a half, and the rebels fled, closely pursued by General Dumont.

BRINGING THE REBELS TO THEIR SENSES IN TENNESSEE.

Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation to the effect that, for every Union man captured or ill-treated by the rebel bands of marauders, five prominent rebels shall be made to suffer, and that ample remuneration shall be made to all loyalists who may be despoiled of their property out of the property of such parties as have given aid and comfort to the enemy.

THE COTTON BURNERS.

The rebel Secretary of State, J. P. Benjamin, has addressed a letter in answer to an inquiry by a Southern firm whether cotton purchased on foreign account would be treated as exempted from the general law which declares that all cotton shall be destroyed when it is about to fall into the hands of the enemy, in which he says: "I know no law which prohibits the purchase of cotton on foreign account, but I am not aware of any law or reason of policy which should induce this Government to extend to property thus purchased greater protection than is extended to that of our own citizens. It is the settled determination of the Government to allow no cotton to fall into the hands of our enemies, as it is perfectly well known that they would seize and appropriate to themselves all cotton they could find without regard to ownership. If your correspondents buy cotton they must expect to share the same risks as are incurred by our own citizens."

FIRE AT TROY.

On Saturday afternoon a most destructive fire commenced in the city of Troy, originating in the covered wooden bridge across the Hudson. At the time the fire broke out the wind was blowing a furious gale from the west, and fire-brands from the bridge were carried over various parts of the city; and a large number of the most valuable buildings of the city, including the Union Railway Dépôt, were destroyed. The area over which the fire extended is said to cover about fifty acres. The loss of property has further been attended with a serious loss of life.—[See Illustration on page 334.]

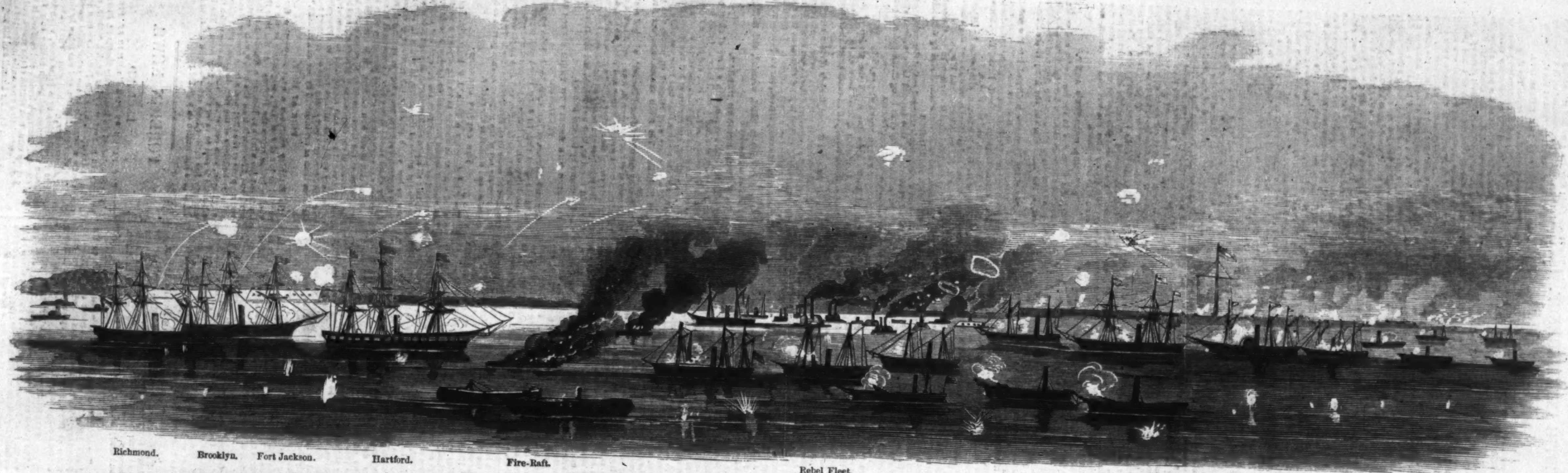
FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

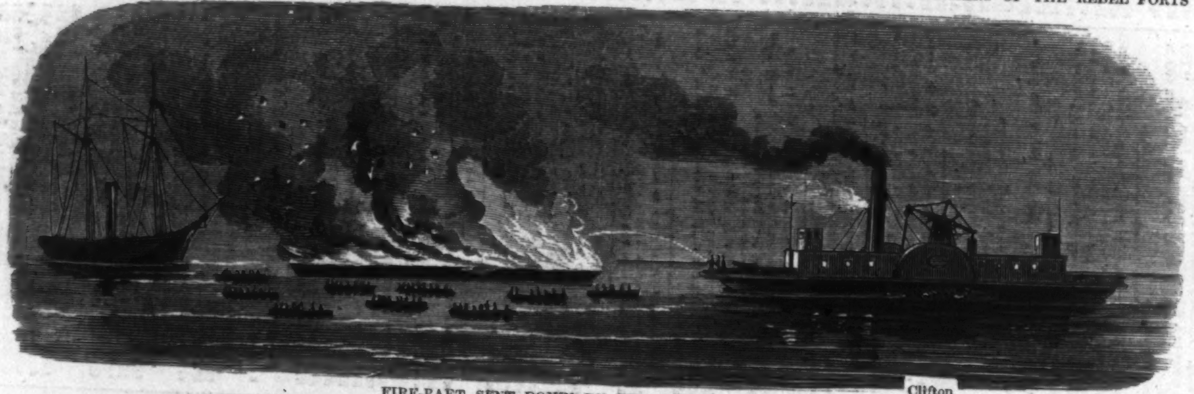
THE RECAPTURE OF THE "EMILIE ST. PIERRE."

The recapture of the British ship *Emilie St. Pierre* from an American prize crew by her English captain, and her arrival in Liverpool, with the Federal seamen in irons, caused quite a sensation in the commercial world. The *St. Pierre* was from Calcutta, and was taken by the Union steamer *James Adger*, off Charleston. She was being navigated to Philadelphia by a prize crew, when her commander—a Scotchman—although having only four men at his disposal, disarmed, ironed, and confined in the hold sixteen of our men, took control of the vessel, and ran her to Liverpool—completing a romantic incident of the war in a fortunate manner both for himself and his employers.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 327.]

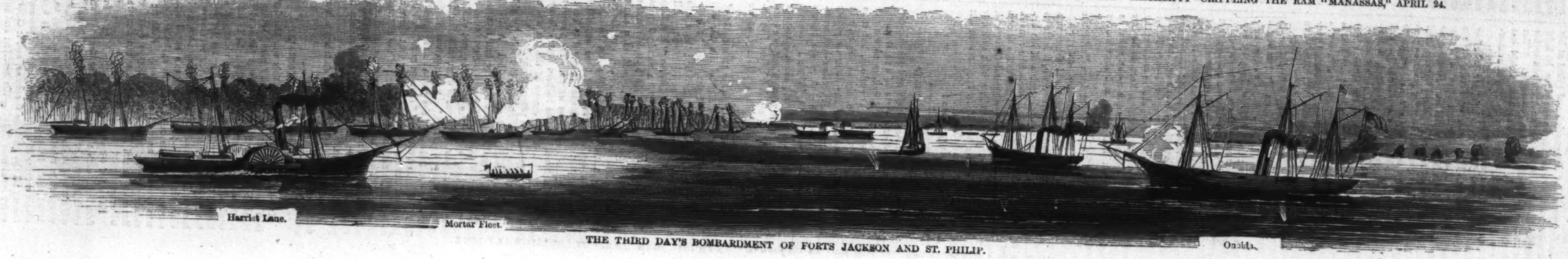

Richmond.
Brooklyn.
Fort Jackson.
Hartford.
Fire-Raft.
Rebel Fleet.
Pensacola.
Fort St. Philip.
Mississippi.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE REBEL FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, APRIL 24, 1862.



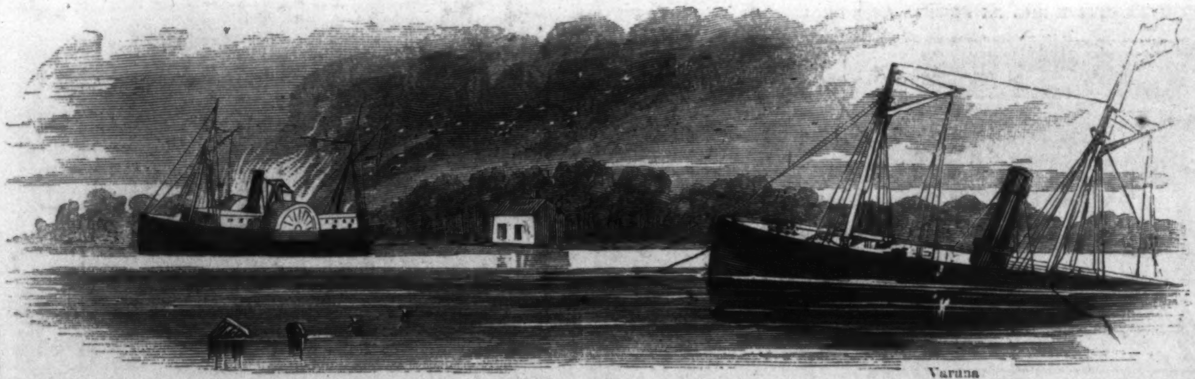
FIRE-RAFT SENT DOWN BY THE REBELS, APRIL 17.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" CRIPPLING THE RAM "MANASSAS," APRIL 24.

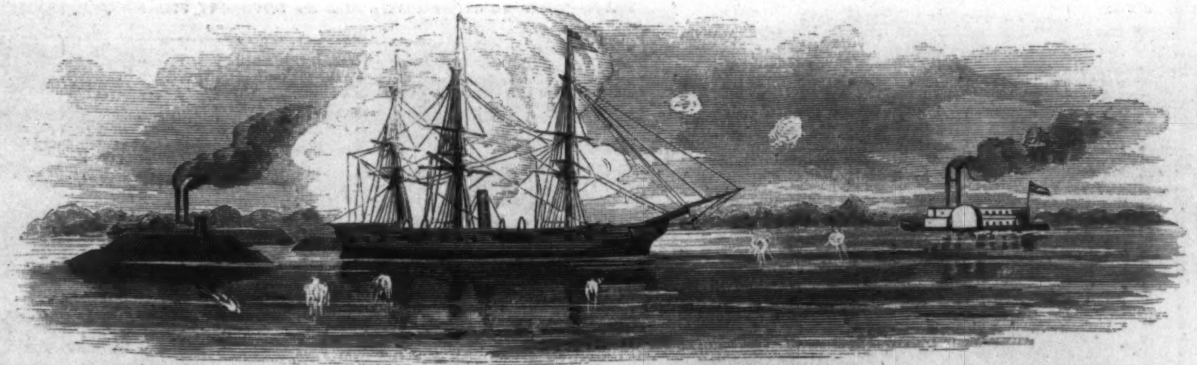

Harriet Lane.
Mortar Fleet.
Oneida.

THE THIRD DAY'S BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

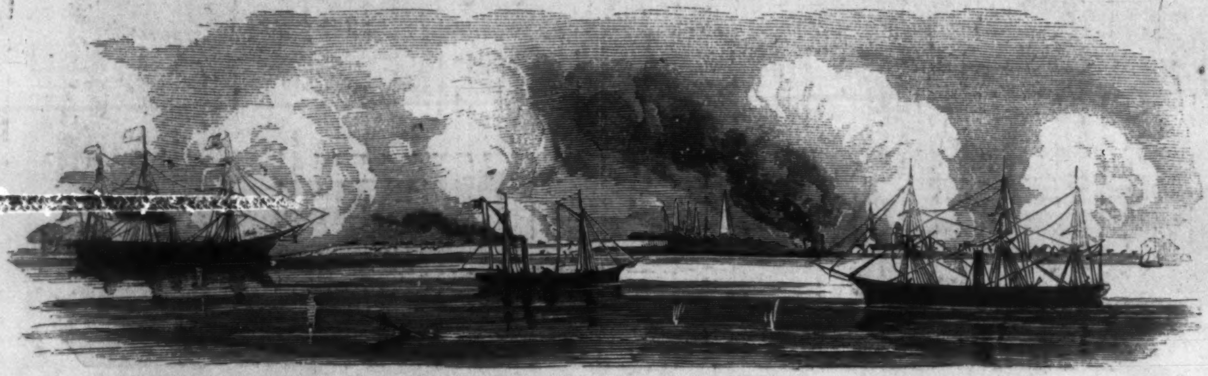
THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



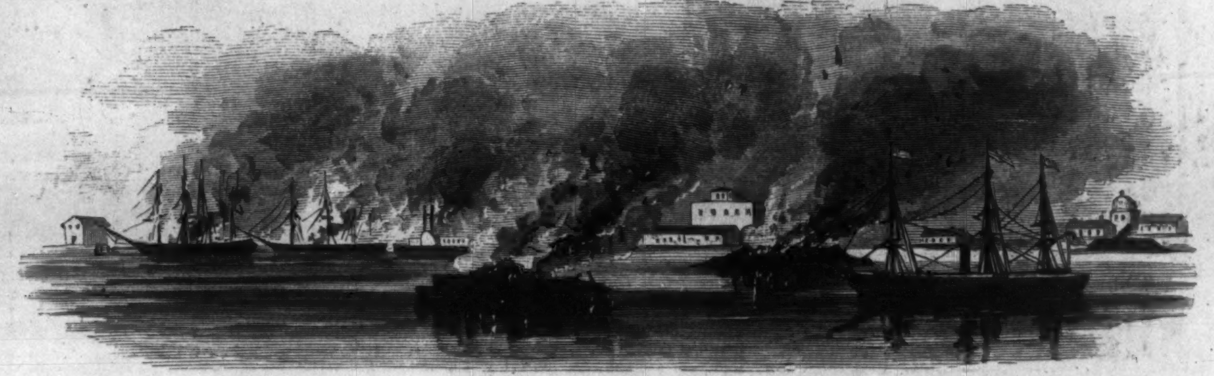
FIGHT BETWEEN THE "VARUNA" AND THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."



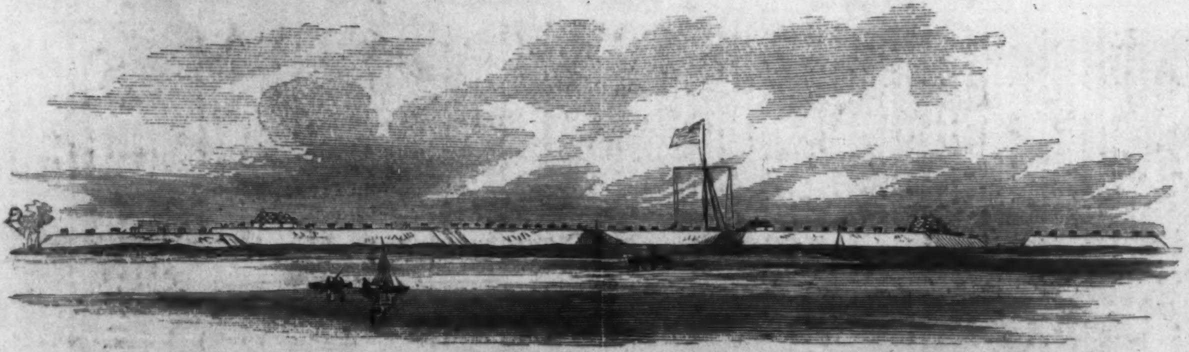
THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ASSAILED BY A STEAM RAM AND SET ON FIRE BY A RAFT IN RUNNING THE FORTS.



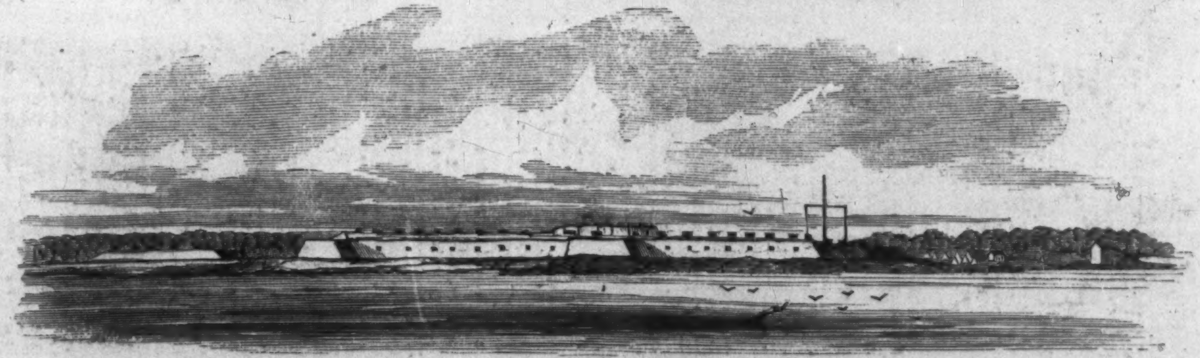
THE "HARTFORD" AND "BROOKLYN" SILENCING THE CHALMETTE BATTERIES.



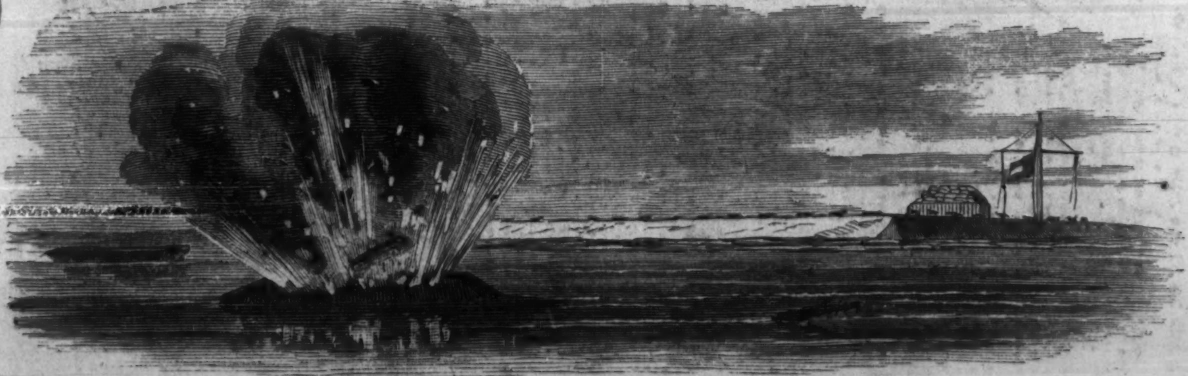
ARRIVAL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" OFF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, 1 P.M., APRIL 25.



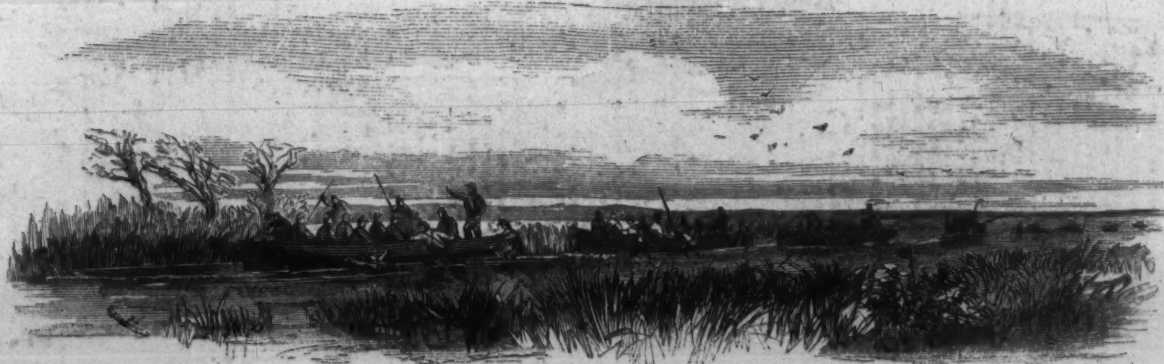
FORT ST. PHILIP.



FORT JACKSON.

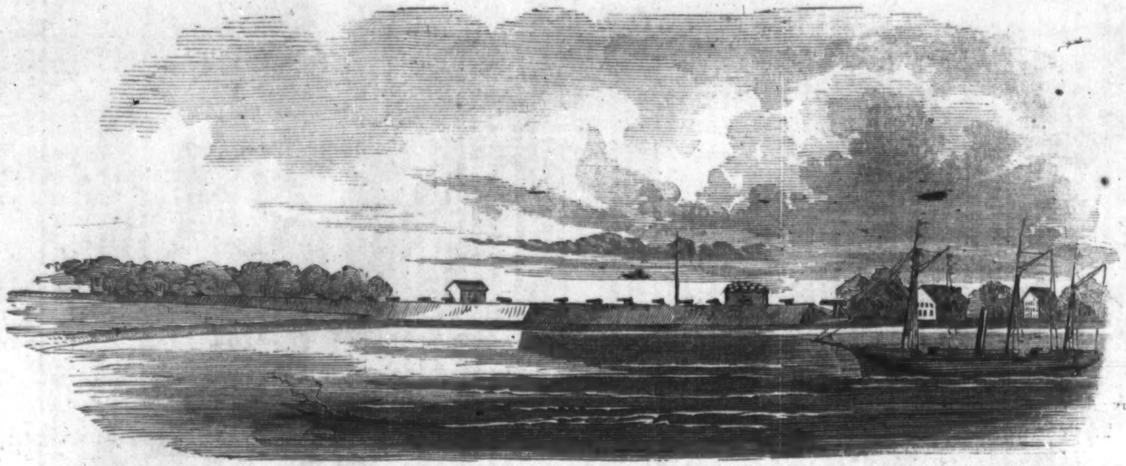


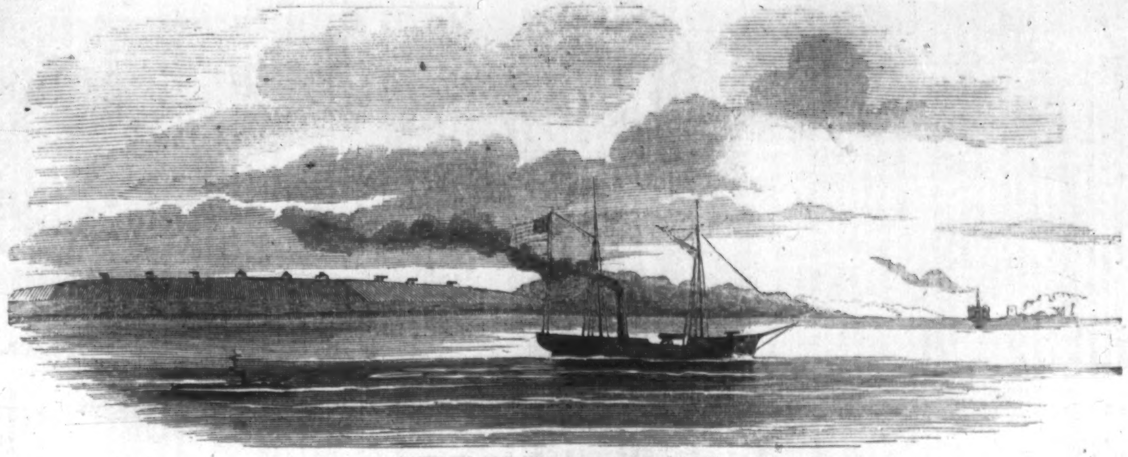
BLOWING UP THE STEAM BATTERY "LOUISIANA" AFTER THE SURRENDER.

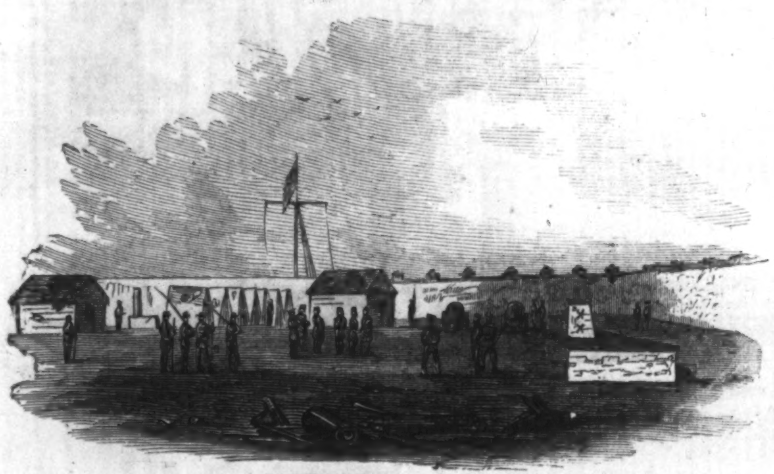


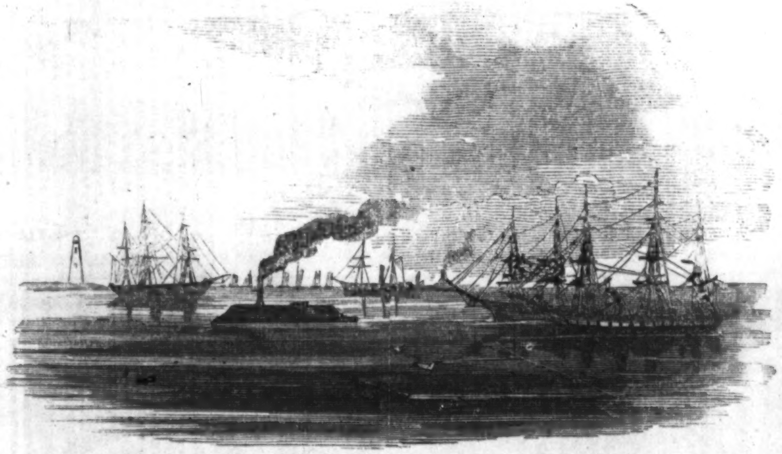
GENERAL BUTLER'S TROOPS COMING THROUGH THE BAYOU.

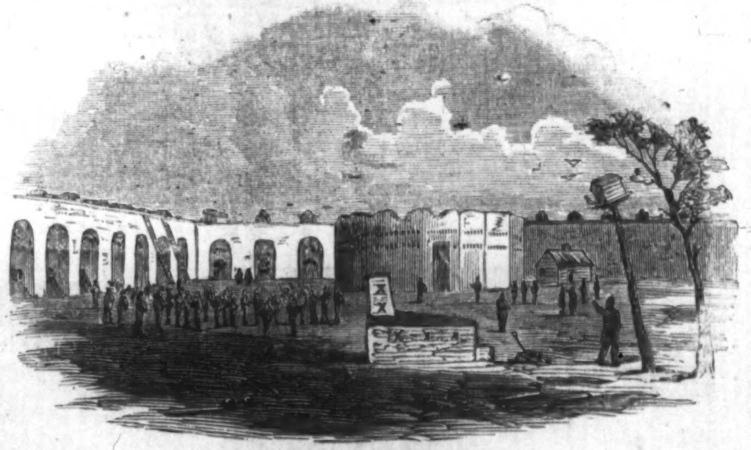
THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

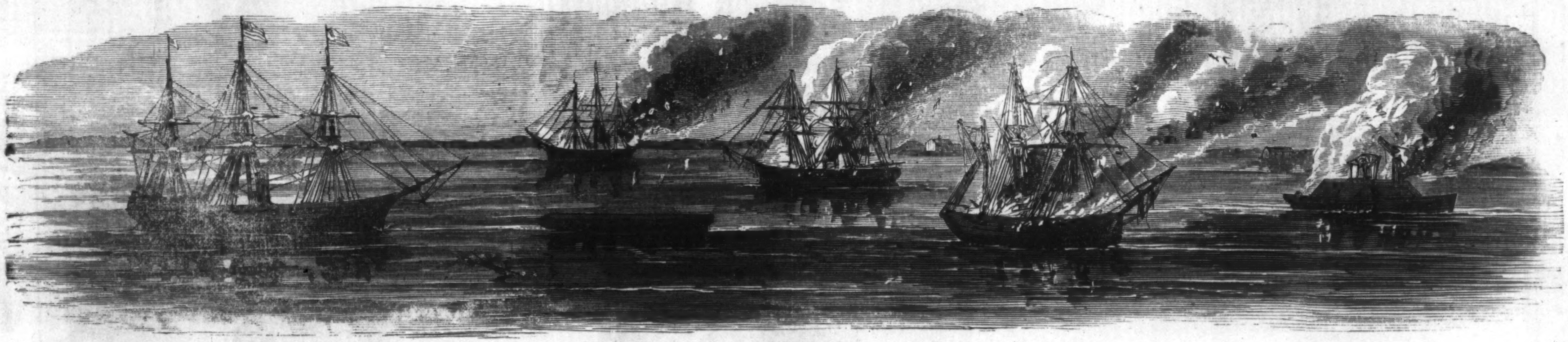

FORT JOHN MORGAN, NINE MILES ABOVE NEW ORLEANS.


BATTERY OPPOSITE FORT JOHN MORGAN.


INTERIOR OF FORT ST. PHILIP.


THE SOUTHWEST-PASS BAR.


INTERIOR OF FORT JACKSON.


DESTRUCTION OF COTTON-LADEN VESSELS BY THE REBELS NEAR NEW ORLEANS, ON THE APPROACH OF THE "HARTFORD," ON APRIL 25, 1862.

WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

When green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again—
Why put on such a cloudy face,
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last,
Of promise false and vain;
And summer die in winter's arms
Ere green leaves come again.

"So slip the seasons—and our lives:
'Tis idle to complain:
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again."

Nay, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!
Count equal, loss and gain:
Because, as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves *will* come again.

For, sure as earth lives under snows,
And Love lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with every thing,
"When green leaves come again."

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The arrival of our special artist with Commodore Farragut's squadron enables us to illustrate very fully on pages 324, 325, and 326, the splendid achievements of Commodore Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, including The Capture of New Orleans. The following extracts from our artist's letters will serve to explain the pictures.

The fleet started to attack Forts St. Philip and Jackson on 16th April. On 17th the rebels began to send down fire-rafts, one of which we illustrate. Our artist says:

A FIRE-RAFT.

I have just come from the deck, having witnessed one of the finest sights it has ever been my lot to see. The rebels sent down a scow, about one hundred feet long, filled with pine knots, and well saturated with tar. The breeze was fresh from the southward, and it burned upward finely, looking very much like a prairie fire. Signal was made for boats to tow the raft away from the shipping, and about forty boats were manned and sent away, each provided with grapnels and fire-buckets. The picket boats *Kineo* and *Kathadin* worked around it, and fired one or two shells in it, but the *Westfield* went up and ran her bow into it, and then played a powerful stream of water on it. Now the boats found an opportunity, and went alongside and boarded the fire-raft, and commenced bailing water into it, and in twenty minutes they put the fire out. They then towed it ashore near where the one that came down in the morning was moored. While this was going on the rebels had small row-boats out watching the progress of their skill, and saw probably with regret their inglorious results and our high enjoyment. No amusement they could possibly get up could be more acceptable to our men. The mortar fleet sailors were in ecstasies, and they extinguished the flames in short order, and received the hearty cheers of the vessels as they passed along. With their two fire-rafts the rebels have accomplished nothing, except to learn us how to handle them.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

The bombardment began on 18th and lasted six days. The mortar vessels were grouped as shown in our picture.

They covered their mast-heads and rigging with green tree branches, so that, while lying under the friendly shelter of the trees near the forts, their masts appeared as trees over the tops of the genuine ones. The vessels which lay on the other side of the river covered their sides with tree branches, and if it were not for their masts one could not tell there were any vessels there.

The artist says on 19th:

Our mortar vessels are working well, and I learn they fire on an average eighty shells per day. According to that estimate they must have thrown already about four thousand shells up to noon to-day. It is becoming very tedious to hear nothing but bang, bang, bang, all day and all night without having a knowledge of the effect of our efforts.

The effect of the bombardment was thus described after the surrender:

The work is terribly shattered, and the casemates are nearly broken in many places. The gun-boats yesterday entirely destroyed one. Only a few men have been killed as yet. We have nearly silenced the water-battery, disabled a 10-inch Columbiad, and knocked the carriage of another to pieces. Our fire is represented as being terrific, and the least damage causes so much consternation that it requires the utmost efforts on the part of the officers to quiet the men. Our shells, when they fall, bury themselves from twelve to fourteen feet in the earth close to the fort, then explode, and make the whole fort fairly tremble with the shock. Occasionally one bursts in the fort; but those which burst outside do the most execution. There are about 1500 men in both forts, mostly foreigners, but commanded by "gentle Southern bloods."

THE FLEET RUNS THE FORTS.

On 24th Commodore Farragut determined to run past the forts. The fleet was formed in three divisions, and proceeded to steam up the river. Our artist says:

At precisely twenty minutes of four o'clock the enemy opened fire from Fort St. Philip. At that moment I hoisted our largest Star-Spangled Banner at the peak, and then hastening forward, decked the fore and main each with an emblem of power and justice. Three American ensigns were floating in a gentle breeze. Full speed was given to the ship, the engineers did their duty nobly, and on we went, as it were, into the jaws of death. At the time the enemy opened fire the mortar vessels went to work, and the rapidity with which they threw shells at the rebels was truly wonderful.

At five minutes of four o'clock our bow gun belched forth fire and smoke, and a messenger, in the shape of a nine-inch shell, was sent to Fort Jackson—the work, by-the-way, which we were to attend to. In a few minutes more the broadside firing was commenced. Both forts were replying as fast as they could. Broadside after broadside was being delivered to them in rapid succession, while the mortar vessels were adding to the dreadful noise.

Shot, shell, grape, and canister filled the air with deadly missiles. It was like the breaking up of a thousand worlds—crash—tear—whiz! Such another scene was never witnessed by mortal man. Steadily we steamed on, giving them shell, the forts firing rifle-shot and shell, 10-inch Columbiads, 42, 32, and 24 pounder balls; and, to add to this state of affairs, 13 steamers and the floating battery *Louisiana*, of the enemy, were pouring into and around us a hail-storm of iron perfectly indescribable. Not satisfied with their firing, fire-raft after fire-raft was lit and set adrift to do their work of burning. The Ram was busy at work trying to shove them under the bows of our vessel.

As we drew near abeam of the forts we intermingled grape with shell, which had the effect to silence in a measure the barbette guns. The shot from the enemy, which for some time had gone over us, now began to cut us through.

While in the port mizzen rigging the Flag-officer narrowly escaped being hit with a rifle shell. A shell burst on deck, and the concussion stunned Lieutenant George Heisler, of our Marine corps, so that for a time his life was despaired of. I started to go forward to see how things were working there, and the wind of a huge rifle-shell knocked the cap off my head. It was a time of terror. Our guns were firing as rapidly as possible, and the howitzers in the tops were doing excellent execution.

The rebel steamers were crowded with troops, who fired volleys of rifle balls at us, most of which did us no harm. One of them came near us, and I think I am safe in saying she contained two hundred men. Our howitzers opened on them, and Captain Broome, of the Marine corps, opened into her with two nine-inch guns.

An explosion—terrific *yells*—a careen, and that fellow was done for. Their steamers were bold and fearless, but no sooner did they come in sight of our gunners than they were sunk. The *Varuna* sunk six of them one after another.

In the midst of this awful scene down came a tremendous fire-raft, and the Ram shoved her under our port quarter. The flames caught our rigging and side, and for a moment it seemed we must fall a prey to the ravages of fire. A fire was also burning on the berth-deck. The fire hose was on hand, and we soon subdued the flames, and gave the Ram a dose of rifle shell. She, however, came up for us again, but some other vessel tackled her and she hauled off. During this state of affairs we *grounded*, and our fate seemed sealed; but our men worked like beavers, and the engineers soon got the ship astern and afloat. It defies the powers of my brain to describe the scene at this time. The river and its banks were one sheet of flame, and the messengers of death were moving with lightning swiftness in all directions. Steadily we plied shell and grape, interspersed with shrapnel. Rebeldom began to quake; her boats were fast being riddled by well-directed broadsides, and they who were able made for the shore to run them on, so that they could save their lives. Some were on fire and others were sinking. Our boys were cheering with a hearty good-will, and well they might, for we had almost won the day, and we were nearly past the forts. Our ship had been on fire three times, and she was riddled from stem to stern. The cabin was completely gutted, the starboard steerage all torn up, and the armory all knocked into "pi." My clothing was strewn abaft decks, and I was obliged to pick it up piece by piece. The manuscript of the bombardment came near to destruction by a rifle shell, which tore up my room and killed one man.

After being under a terrific fire for one hour and twenty minutes we were past the forts, badly cut up; a shot hole through mainmast, two in stern, and several through us. I frankly confess I am unable to describe the scene. Words can not express any adequate idea of the engagement. Wrapped up in smoke, firing and being fired at, shot and shell whistling like locomotive demons around, above, before, and in the rear of you; flames from fire-rafts encircling you, splinters flying in all directions, and shells bursting overhead! Can you imagine this scene? If you can, it is more than I can describe as I would wish to.

THE RAM "MANASSAS."

The artist writes:

We steamed up to the Quarantine, when lo! the Ram made his appearance, and saucily fired at the *Richmond*. The *Mississippi* being near at hand, about ship for the black devil, and at him she went with the idea of running him down. The Ram ran, but finding the *Mississippi* gaining on him, he run his nose into the bank of the river, and immediately about thirty men came up out of the hatch and run on shore. The *Mississippi* fired two or three broadsides into her and boarded her, but finding she was of no earthly account again fired into her, and she drifted down the river sinking very fast.

Captain Porter of the Mortar Flotilla thus describes her last end:

Before the fleet got out of sight it was reported to me that the celebrated ram *Manassas* was coming out to attack us, and, sure enough, there she was, apparently steaming along shore, ready to pounce upon the apparently defenseless mortar vessels. Two of our steamers and some of the mortar vessels opened fire on her, but I soon discovered that the *Manassas* could harm no one again, and ordered the vessels to save their shot. She was beginning to emit smoke from her ports, or holes, and was discovered to be on fire and sinking. Her pipes were all twisted and riddled with shot, and her hull was also well cut up. She had evidently been used up by the squadron as they passed along. I tried to save her as a curiosity, by getting a hawser around her and securing her to the bank, but just after doing so she faintly exploded. Her only gun went off, and emitting flames through her bow port, like some huge animal, she gave a plunge and disappeared under the water.

THE "VARUNA."

The gun-boat *Varuna* emulated the *Cumberland* in this conflict. Our artist says:

Captain Boggs of the *Varuna*, finding that a steamer (name unknown) was about to run into him, put the vessel in such position that in being damaged he could repay it with interest. On came a large steamer all clad with iron about the bow, and hit the *Varuna* in the port-waist, cutting and crushing in her side. She dropped alongside and cleared out to butt again. She hit the *Varuna* a second time, and while in a sinking condition the *Varuna* poured the 8-inch shells into him so fast that the rebel vessel was set on fire and driven on shore.

Captain Boggs of the *Varuna* reports as follows:

I have the honor to report that after passing the batteries, with the steamer *Varuna* under my command, on the morning of the 24th, finding my vessel amidst a nest of rebel steamers, I started ahead, delivering her fire both starboard and port at every one that she passed. The first on her starboard beam that received her fire appeared to be loaded with troops. Her boiler was exploded and she drifted to the shore. In like manner three other vessels, one of them a gun-boat, were driven on shore in flames, and afterward blew up. At six A.M. the *Varuna* was attacked by the *Morgan*, iron-clad about the bow, commanded by Beverly Kennon, an ex-naval officer. This vessel raked us along the port gangway, killing four and wounding nine of the crew. Butting the *Varuna* on the quarter and again on the starboard side, I managed to get three 8-inch shells into her abaft her armor, as also several shot from the after rifled gun, when she dropped out of action, partially disabled. While still engaged with her another rebel steamer, iron-clad, and with a prow under water, struck us in the port gangway, doing considerable damage. Our shot glancing from her bow, she backed off for another blow, and struck again in the same place, crushing in the side; but by going ahead fast the concussion drew her bow around and I was able, with the port-guns, to give her, while close alongside, five 8-inch shell abaft her armor. This settled her and drove her ashore in flames. Finding the *Varuna* sinking I ran her into the bank, let go the anchors, and tied her up to the trees. During all this time the guns were actively at work crippling the *Morgan*, she making feeble efforts to get up steam. This fire was kept up until the water was over the gun-trucks, when I turned my attention to getting the wounded and crew out of the vessel. The *Oneida*, Captain Lee, seeing the condition of the *Varuna*, had rushed to her assistance, but I waved her on, and the *Morgan* surrendered to her, the vessel in flames. I have since learned that over fifty of his crew were killed and wounded, and she was set on fire by her commander, who burned his wounded with his vessel. I can not award too much praise to the officers and crew of the *Varuna* for the noble manner in which they supported me, and their coolness under such exciting circumstances, particularly when extinguishing fire, having been set on fire twice during the action by shell.

In fifteen minutes from the time the *Varuna* was struck she was on the bottom, with only her top-gallant forecastle out of water.

The officers and crew lost every thing they possessed, no one thinking of leaving their station until driven thence by the water. I trust the attention of the department will be called to this loss and compensation made to those who have lost their all.

THE CHALMETTE BATTERIES.

Our artist writes:

At a quarter of eleven we discovered two works known as the Chalmette Batteries, one on each side of the river. One, I should judge, contained ten and the other eight guns. The signal was immediately made to prepare for battle. No flag was flying on either work, nor did they hoist one at any time. At eleven o'clock both batteries opened fire on the *Cayuga*. Owing to the very swift current we were unable to go ahead very fast, and it was five minutes after they opened fire before we could fire a bow gun. The enemy cracked away at us, and the shot flew around us very rapidly, most of their shot raking along our deck, and striking on or near the poop. For twenty minutes we stood the fire without being able to return a broadside, which we knew would soon silence them. In the mean time the other vessels were working with their bow guns on both works.

At the end of the twenty minutes we were within about fifty yards of the battery of ten guns, one being a mortar. Then we let drive a broadside. Its effect was terrible, and nearly silenced the work. Another broadside of grape, five second shell, and a sprinkling of shrapnel, finished that work; but as the rebels did not hoist a white flag, as they should do, we gave them another touch up, three cheers, and then left them to run as fast as they chose. The other battery was soon silenced, this ship throwing in a broadside to aid in the good work. The enemy fired at us with infantry, and an artillery company was coming to their support, when they found it was of no use. I think the enemy lost quite a number of people in the engagement. We lost one man, Thomas, captain of the forecastle and of a rifle Parrott. It is supposed he was blown overboard by the wind of a passing ball, and reached the shore in safety. I heard of one man being blown overboard from the *Brooklyn*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF COTTON SHIPS.

The artist says:

As we steamed along we found five large ships on fire with full cargoes of cotton, and they were nearly consumed.

The people of the city afterward told our sailors that on Thursday night the panic broke out in the city, and all the cotton was brought out and set on fire, and that the mob could be scarcely restrained from firing the public buildings and then the private dwellings. It was a night not equaled by any thing, even in the French revolutions.

A band of desperadoes had charge of affairs, and they were backed by Lovell, who, however, denies it; but he is accountable for the destruction of property, as he set the example by firing his own cotton first. A ram lay alongside of the levee, partially sunk, and her wood-work was on fire. Another ram affair was sunk on the Algiers side of the river. I am unable to obtain the details of the loss by fire to shipping and cotton. It will be weeks before it can be ascertained, and I have a right to suppose that we never will be able to give the full particulars of the wanton destruction of property which has occurred in and around this city during the last two days.

The river was filled with ships on fire, and all along the levee were burning vessels, no less than eighteen vessels being on fire at one time, and the enemy were firing others as fast as they could apply the torch. Such Vandalism never was heard of. The atmosphere was thick with smoke and the air hot with flames. It was a grand but sad sight. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property was being wantonly destroyed. At the levee, just by the Custom-house, lay a burning ram (the *Anglo-Norman*).

THE FLEET AT NEW ORLEANS.

The arrival of the fleet at New Orleans is thus described:

The view from our decks was one such as will never, in all human probability, be witnessed again. A large city lay at our mercy. Its levee was crowded by an excited mob. The smoke of the ruins of millions' worth of cotton and shipping at times half concealed the people. While men were hastening up the levee, firing ships and river craft as fast as possible, the people were rushing to and fro. Some of them cheered for the Union, when they were fired upon by the crowd. Men, women, and children were armed with pistols, knives, and all manner of weapons. Some cheered for Jeff Davis, Beauregard, etc., and used the most vile and obscene language toward us and the good old flag. Pandemonium was here a living picture. Order was to them a thing past and forgotten, and the air was rent with yells of defiance.

At two o'clock Captain Bailey went on shore, flying a flag of truce, to communicate with the authorities. As the boat drew near the levee the mob cursed the flag and every thing pertaining to it. It was with the greatest difficulty that the naval officers reached the City Hall, where the City Council, the Mayor, and Major-General Lovell were awaiting the arrival of our communications.

Flag Officer Farragut sent word to the authorities that he demanded the surrender of the city of New Orleans, and assured them of the protection of the "old flag." The city being under martial law, the civil authorities of course could do nothing; but Major-General Lovell, with all the pomposity he could command, and with all the bluster he could make, said, "Sir, I will never surrender the city." He was politely informed that the city was in our power, and, as much as we regretted the wanton destruction of property, we would not disturb them, provided they made no demonstration against us. After some talk Lovell agreed to evacuate the city with his troops (from eight to fifteen thousand), and turn the city over to the civil authorities, and that they might do as they pleased. The interview was carried on with dispatch, and Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Perkins (his aid) took a carriage and returned to their boat. On the route they were insulted, pistols pointed in their faces, and all manner of indignities offered to them. The officer in charge of the boats—Acting-Master Morton—was the recipient of all manner of insults, but suffered no bodily harm.

After dark I went on deck to see New Orleans by gaslight. How changed the scene! A little over twelve months ago miles of shipping lined the levee; the buildings hid behind the forests of masts and rigging of vessels bearing the banners of all nations of the world. None were here now. The busy hum of workmen and the cheery song of the sons of Africa, who worked at night, was not to be heard. No hissing puff of steamers going and coming to and from the cities on the banks of this great river. No ships—no signs of life were present now. A few gaslights were burning along the levee, and the dull embers and heavy smoke gave proof of a reign of anarchy and terror. The buildings were wrapped in a sombre light, and we felt that it was a city clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

THE BATTERIES UP THE RIVER.

These were taken as follows:

At three o'clock the four heavy vessels—*Hartford*, *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, and *Pensacola*—got under way and proceeded up the river, with a view of silencing two batteries located just above Carrolton. As we passed along the levee in the upper part of the city *considerable Union feeling* was manifested by all classes.

At Jefferson City we saw the ways from which the ram *Mississippi* was launched a week ago. The enemy were building ways for the construction of another; but now the place was deserted by all workmen, and quite a crowd of quiet spectators filled their places.

On arriving at Carrolton we began to look out for the batteries; but it was not until we had passed some three miles above that place that we found them, deserted, and fires burning along the line of earth-works.

This ship dropped slowly alongside, and Lieutenant Kautz, Engineer Purdy, and myself went on shore to reconnoitre and spike the guns. On landing, quite a crowd of people gathered around us, but made little or no demonstrations of joy or sorrow. We were told that the work was called Fort John Morgan, and that it was constructed to prevent an approach to New Orleans by the river from the northward.

It was an extended field-work, reaching from the river-bank, as we believe, to Lake Pontchartrain. The work was well constructed, and we traveled along its line for about two miles, and found the following armament in it that far:

In the Work near the river.	Along the line.
Nine 42-pounders.	Nine 24-pounder carronades.
Two 32-pounders.	Four 18-pounders.

Five guns were dismounted, and platforms and circles for thirteen guns, not mounted, were found. The mounted guns were all spiked, with the exception of fifteen, which Mr. Purdy spiked. A fire had been kindled under each gun-carriage, and they were nearly destroyed at the time we visited it.

The magazine was empty, of course. A good hot shot furnace was undisturbed, and about 1000 round of 32-pounder shot lay around, intermingled with broken stands of grape. Marks of a hasty retreat were plainly visible, and we were informed that when we attacked the Chalmette Batteries, below the city, the troops which were located in Fort John Morgan were transferred to the former place, and after their defeat they came up here and carried away their remaining stores, took the Jackson Railroad, and left.

Of the battery on the other side of the river I have not yet learned any particulars. A boat from the *Oneida* went there and spiked the guns, and then left. Dark coming on we dropped down the river opposite Carrolton and anchored for the night.

SURRENDER OF THE FORTS.

Meanwhile General Butler had pushed his men through a bayou and landed them above Forts St. Philip and Jackson. The commanders of those forts wished to resist still; but the men would not fight, and even trained the barbette guns on their officers. They surrendered accordingly. But the commander having subsequently blown up the *Louisiana* Captain Porter put him in double irons.

NORFOLK REPOSSESSED.

We publish on page 321 several pictures illustrating the Advance of our Army upon Norfolk and its "repossession" by General Wool; and on page 331 a general View of the City, showing the Navy-yard, etc. The former page is from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis.

It is understood that the expedition against Norfolk was mainly planned by President Lincoln and Mr. Chase. General Wool embarked his troops on the evening of 9th, landed on 10th at Willoughby Point, and marched to Norfolk without obstruction. Our artist writes:

HALF-WAY CROSS-ROADS.

At seven o'clock General Wool, accompanied by Secretary Chase, Generals Mansfield and Viele, landed at Ocean View, and they were soon on the way to the front, the men cheering them as they passed.

Upon the arrival of the party at the Half-way Cross-roads they were distant from Ocean View five miles, and, by the short road to Norfolk, the same distance from that place.

The Half-way Cross-roads is as picturesque a spot as one often sees, a greater portion of the place being sheltered by magnificent willow oaks, the largest that I remember to have seen. Under these trees were grouped, in the coziest manner, the Twentieth Regiment.

As General Wool and others drew rein General Weber was questioning some dirty-looking fellows in gray that had been taken prisoners. From them he learned that they were a portion of the garrison of Sewall's Point, which had been evacuated by reason of our shelling of the night previous, by which one man had been killed and several wounded. I asked them what all the smoke was about. "Youse fellows throw some kind of things that spill fire when they burst, and it just sot every thing in a blaze; so we run into the woods and then we all run away." Candid, that.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

As they approached the city they were met by the Mayor. Mr. Davis says:

In the immediate environs of the city, and in front of a group of low wooden houses, we saw a white flag being waved. Upon advancing it was found to be a deputation of citizens, composed of the Mayor and a portion of the Common Council, who had come out from the city to see what terms would be demanded, and to present a letter from General Huger, the purport of which was the fact that, being unable to retain possession of the place, he had surrendered it into the hands of the city authorities. They, in turn, upon being made acquainted with the requirements of the Government, were ready to place the city once more under the control of the Federal Government.

The scene in the little room in which the parties first met was unique in the extreme. The officers were thoroughly bepowdered and fatigued, and Mr. Chase's fine features were funnily disguised with the pulverized dust that had settled on all alike—the Mayor nervously anxious, the Councilmen stubbornly so; the proprietor of the shanty "*sans* habit," fists in his pockets and quid in his cheek.

ENTERING THE CITY.

The correspondents of the press had gone before the General—the reporter of the Associated Press, Mr. Davis, of *Harper's Weekly*, and the correspondent of the New York *Herald*.

As we entered the city the smoke of the burning Navy-yard seemed a cloud about to fall with the suddenness of wrath, and blot out the stain of treason with which the air seemed full. Fortunately for us it did not this time. So we went on. The children scattered, some of the boldest stopping an instant to say, "They ain't agoing to hurt you." Then they grew more bold, as the young procession trailing after us grew in length. The tramp of the cavalry escort, as it came in the distance, attracted attention too. Blinds slammed, and the people peeped rather than looked. The crowds upon the corners were quiet, through the city to the City Hall, and in a moment the carriages and escort came up. A general rush was made by the people, who by this time were out in force; but the Mayor, Mr. Lamb, turned quietly to them, and in a few words explained that General Wool and staff must enter alone, as they were to draw up the articles by which they were to be protected, and that the people were to have more privileges than even he had hoped for. With a cheer the steps of the building were vacated in an instant, and the party, weary and dusty, entered the chamber accompanied by two or three officials only.

HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The Stars and Stripes were raised over the Custom-house on 10th, at noon, the colors used being those of the Tenth New York. They were flung to the breeze by Lieutenant Aaron B. Seely, Quarter-master of that corps.

THE NAVY-YARD DESTROYED.

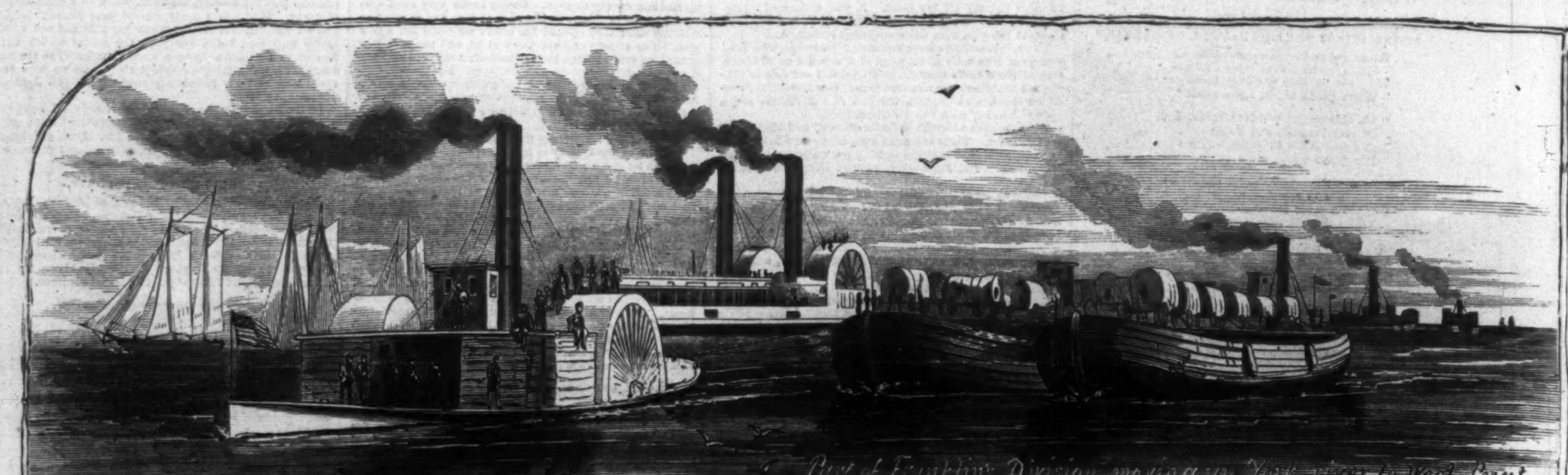
The Sixteenth Massachusetts were at once sent to Portsmouth to stay the tremendous fire then burning the Navy-yard. The *Thomas Seldon*, one of the boats belonging to the Bay line of steamers, was in flames. The gun-boats that were unfinished and could not be moved were destroyed, as were the *Brandywine*, *United States*, and others—some twenty vessels in all. The Navy-yard was totally destroyed, with all its appurtenances. The dry dock, however, is, I think, uninjured. The city was quiet—more quiet, I am told, than it has been for some time.

COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH.

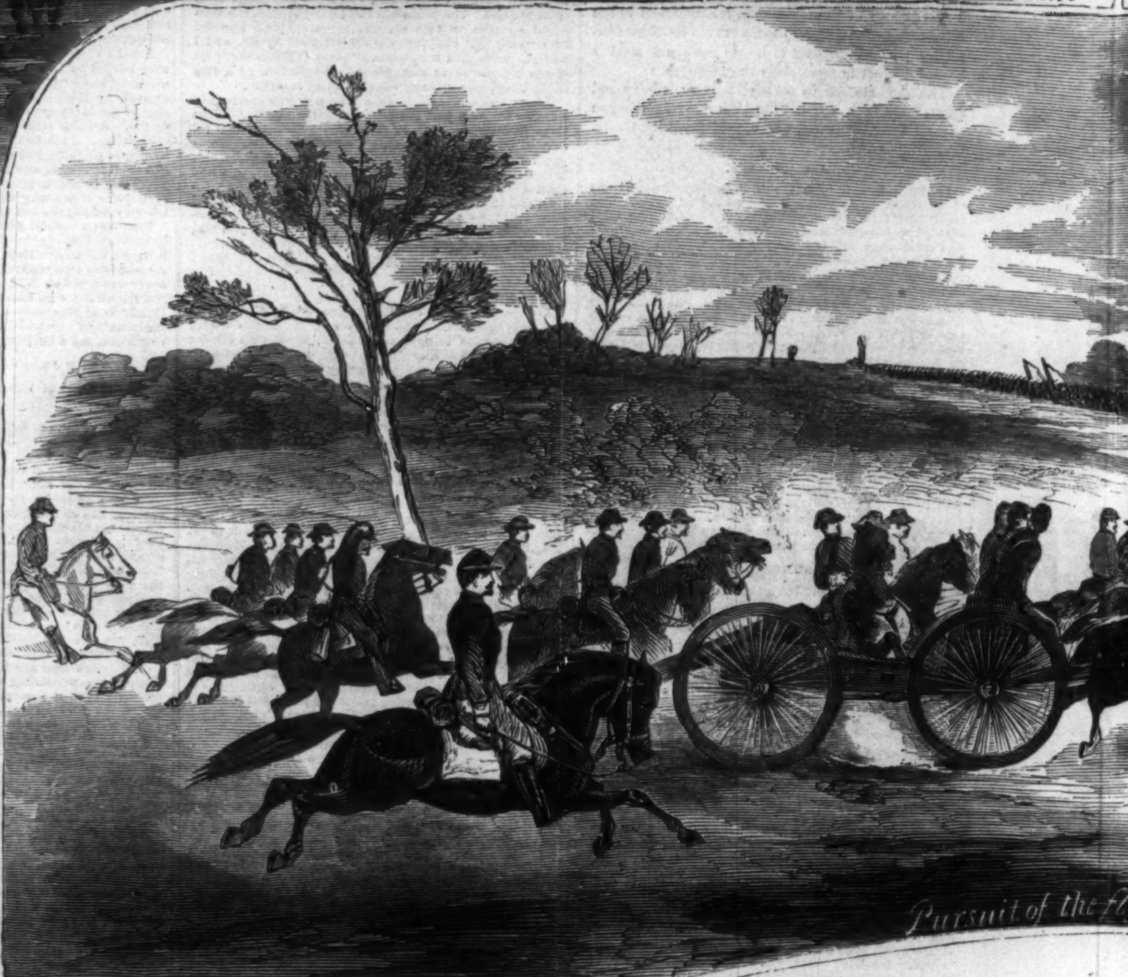
Flag-officer Louis M. Goldsborough, whose portrait we give on page 333, was born in the District of Columbia. He is a citizen of the State of Maryland, but received his appointment in the United States Navy from the District of Columbia.

His first entrance into the navy bears date June 13, 1812. He has consequently been nearly fifty years in the United States service, over eighteen of which he has passed at sea in the various grades of the naval service. Among others, he commanded the *Marion*, 38 guns, in 1842, at the time she was attached to the squadron of Commodores Ridgely and Morris at Brazil. In 1847 he commanded the *Ohio*, 74 guns, and afterward commanded the *Cumberland*, 44 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, at the time those vessels were attached to the squadron of Commodore Silas H. Stringham, in the Mediterranean.

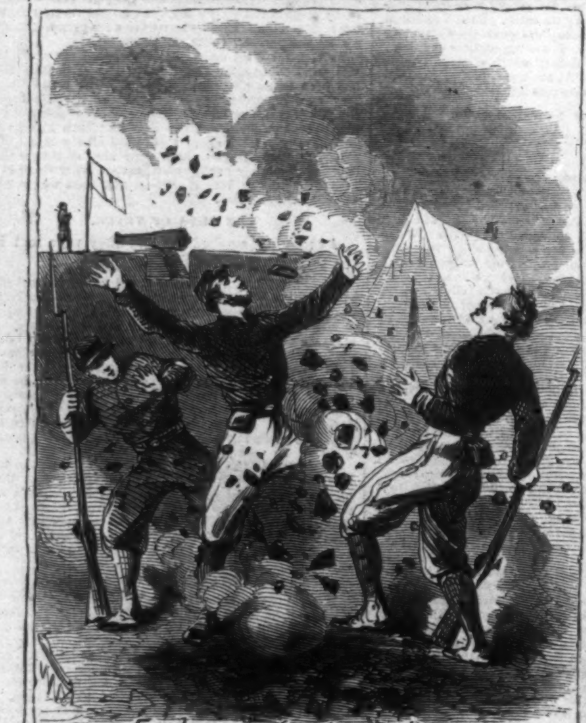
The date of his present commission is September 14, 1855. He lately commanded the United States frigate *Congress*, from which position he was appointed to command one half of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, superseding Commodore Stringham, who was formerly in command. His flag-ship was the *Minnesota*, and his station for some time was Fortress Monroe.



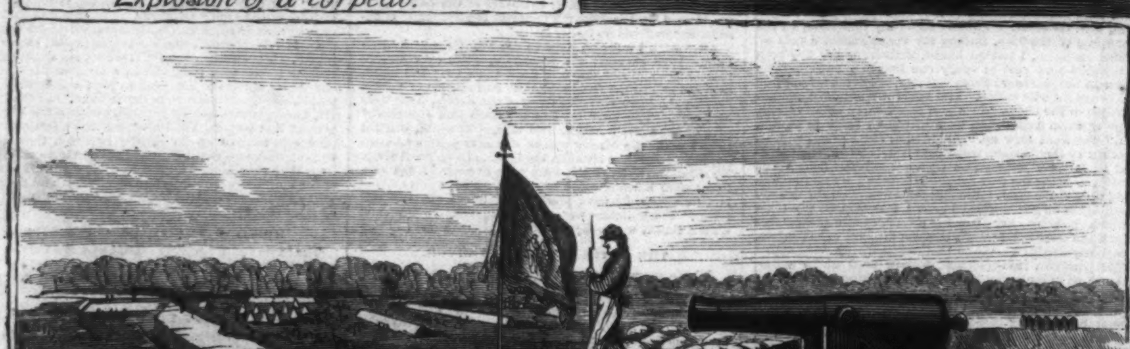
Part of Franklin's Division moving up York river to West Point



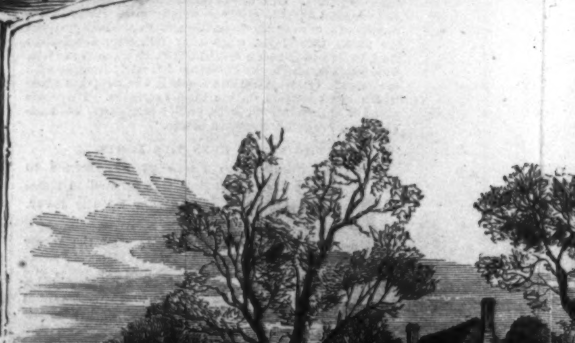
Pursuit of the



Explosion of a torpedo.

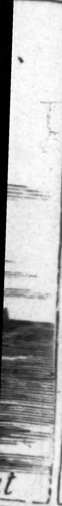


Taking possession of the enemy's works on Sunday



The Nelson mansion Yorktown used

SCENES AND VIEWS AT AND AROUND YORKTOWN,



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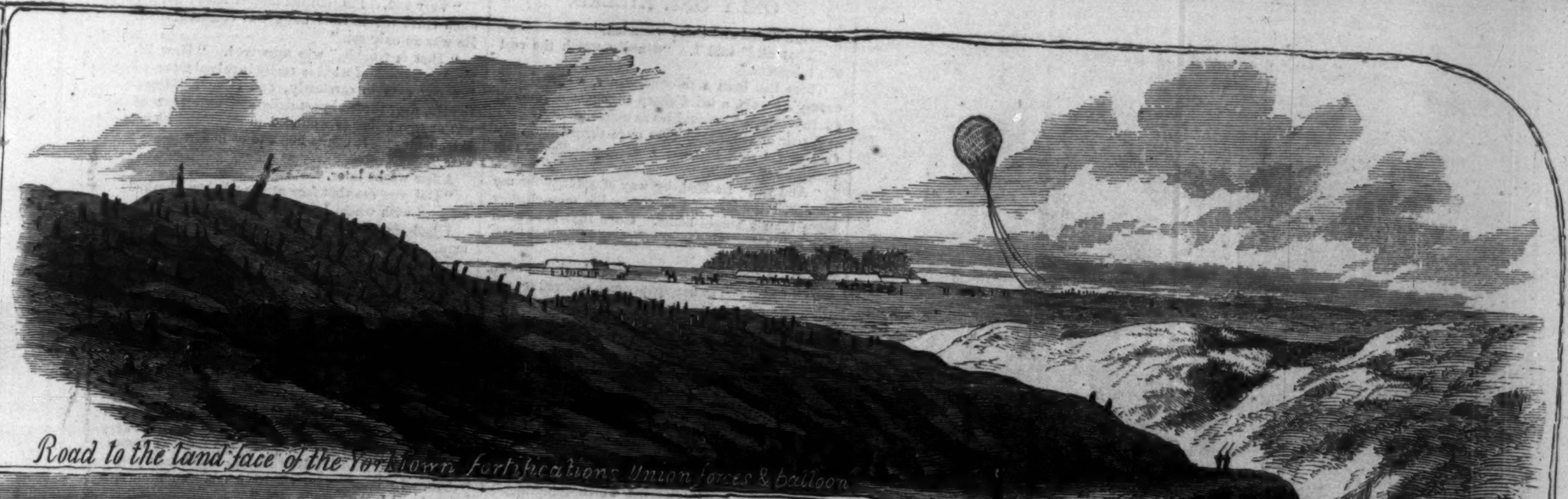
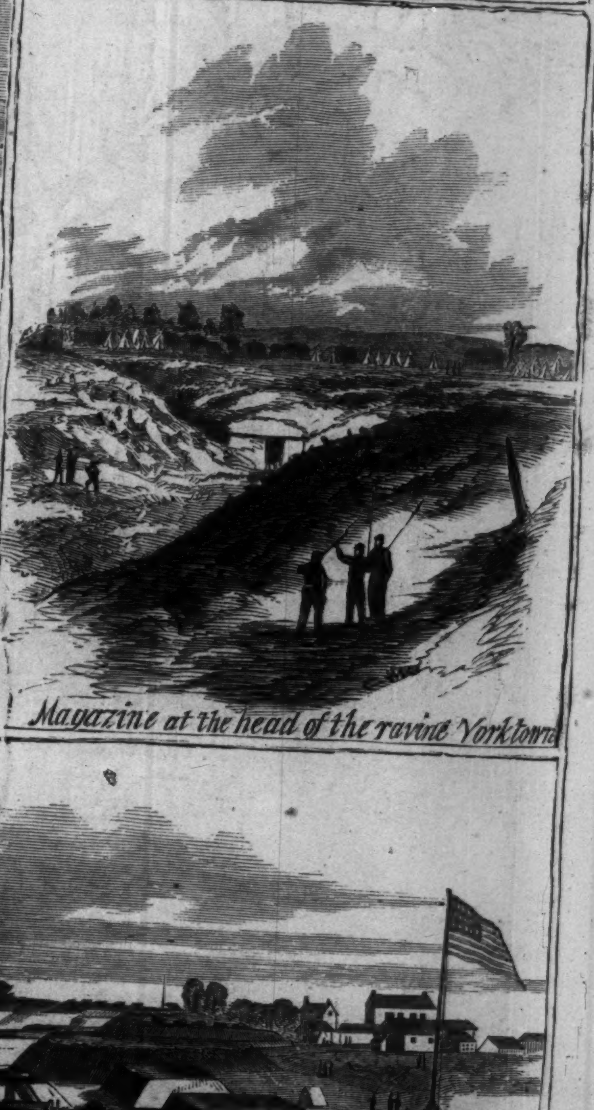
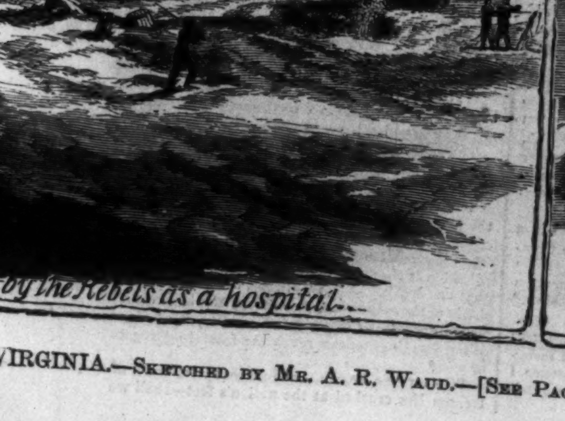


Road to the land face of the Yorktown fortifications Union forces & balloon

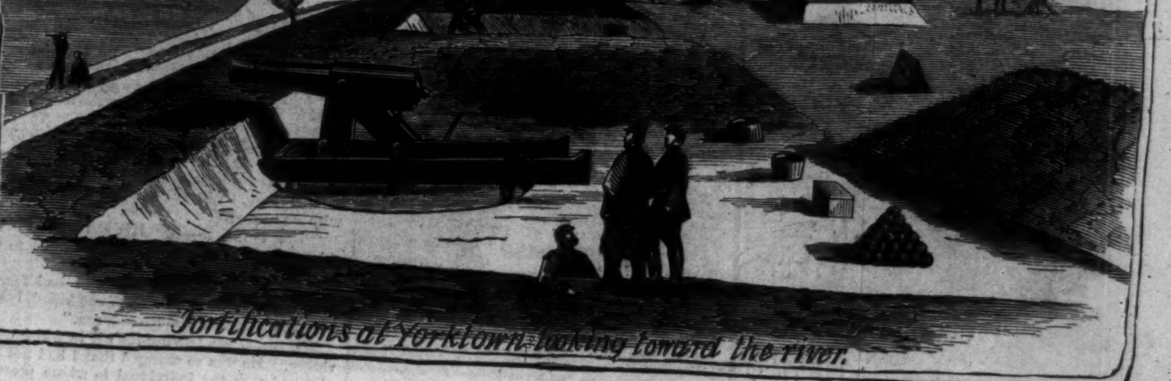
flying rebels.



Magazine at the head of the ravine Yorktown

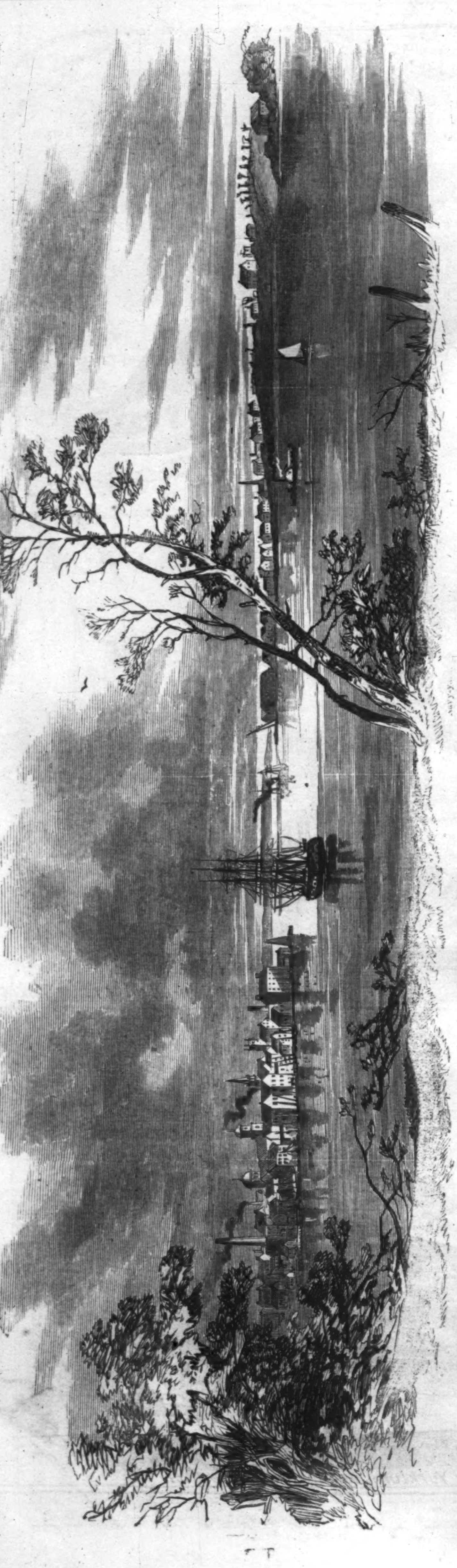


by the Rebels as a hospital.



Fortifications at Yorktown looking toward the river.

VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]



THE CITY OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS.

ONLY ONE KILLED.

"One killed and three wounded."

"That all!" said I. "Hardly worth the cost of a telegram."

There had been a reconnoissance, a surprise of enemy's scouts, a brief, sharp engagement, ending successfully, and casualties as above.

A pair of sober gray eyes were turned upon my face, and I read in them a silent rebuke for this lightness of speech.

"And yet," I added, by way of apology for my remark, "the loss of this single life may shadow more than a single home. Cups that held until now only sweet wine may be full of bitterness hereafter."

"What Company was engaged?" asked a man, who sat near. The newspaper was referred to, and the answer given.

"Company C."

"Colonel R——'s regiment?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are the names of the killed and wounded given?"

I noticed a slight unsteadiness in the man's voice.

"No names are given."

"May I see your paper for a moment?"

I handed him the newspaper, in which I had read about the reconnoissance, and what seemed, at the moment, a casualty not worth reporting. I saw that his hand trembled a little, and that his eyes searched through the sentences of the telegram in an eager way.

"Thank you," he said, as he returned the paper, "there are no particulars." Then, with a falling of the voice, he added, "I have a son in that Company."

Remembering the light speech into which a want of reflection had betrayed me, I did not venture to respond in any way lest the real concern I now felt might be regarded, if expressed, as only a pretense. Soon after the man nodded to the conductor of the car in which we were riding; the check-string was pulled, the car stopped, and he went out. My eyes followed him as the car moved on until I saw him enter a house. Two days afterward—I had forgotten the trifling matter of one killed and three wounded—in passing this house I saw crape on the door. My heart leaped with a painful throb.

"Who is dead in the third house below?" I asked of the store-keeper at the corner.

"Mr. B——'s son. He was killed."

"In the war?"

"Yes, Sir. News came, three days ago, that one man had been killed in a reconnoissance, and it turned out to be his son, Edward. Ah! Sir, he was a splendid young man, and it will go hard with his father and mother. And hard, too," he added, lowering his voice, "for one besides them."

"Had he a wife?" I inquired.

"No, Sir; he was not married."

"A sweet-heart?"

"Yes. He was engaged, I believe."

Only one killed! How differently the fact impressed me now! It was no longer an unrealized newspaper announcement, but a present, stern reality.

"Has the body arrived?" I asked.

"Yes; they brought it home to-day. Mr. B—— went for it himself."

"Was it much disfigured?"

"No. A ball passed through the heart, killing him instantly."

"Had Mr. B—— other sons?"

"No, Sir. Edward was his only boy. It is a great loss, Sir."

"How does he bear it? Have you heard?"

"I saw him an hour ago."

"Well?"

"He was very calm; but, Sir, he looked ten years older. Mr. B—— is one of those men who bear things patiently; but he has deep feeling nevertheless. That boy was his idol."

"How is it with the mother?"

The store-keeper shook his head. "I asked Mr. B——, but his eyes filled, and he choked in trying to answer. I'm almost afraid it will be too much for her. She is not very strong."

"Did they oppose his going to the war?"

"Mr. B—— did not. He's an earnest man, and loves his country too well to hold back any thing while she is in danger."

Only one killed! How insignificant the fact seemed when the telegraph made this announcement; but what bitterness had followed! Only one killed!

On the day following I noticed, in passing, a large funeral procession. Of the tens of thousands who had lingered scarcely a moment over the brief telegram announcing but one killed and three wounded had the imagination of an individual pictured distinctly a solemn scene like this as following in natural sequence, or given the faintest realization of the sorrow and suffering that lay veiled behind?

Fifty killed and two or three hundred wounded! Ah! now the pulses beat. Here is something worth while! How strangely this familiarity with war ices over the heart! One, two, three hundred killed or mangled. It is awful to contemplate; and yet we must come down to the single cases to get at the heart of this fearful matter. Away from every battle-field, from every skirmishing ground, heart-cords stretch, in single lines, to as many hearts and homes as there are individuals, and death, or wounding, thrill these sympathetic lines, each with its own wild fear and anguish.

"That is Mr. B——. His son was killed in a skirmish with the enemy. He belonged to Company C."

"Oh, in that slight affair! I had forgotten it. There was only the trifle of one killed, I think."

"And that was Mr. B——'s son."

Mr. B—— was leaving the car in which we were riding. He was so changed that I had not recognized him as the individual in whose presence I spoke so lightly about one killed and three wounded only a few weeks before.

"Sad, isn't it?" said the other, growing serious.

"Very sad. I'm told the mother hasn't left her room since the terrible news was communicated. He was an only son."

"That *is* trouble," was answered. "How little do we think of what is really involved when we run our eyes so carelessly, and often half-impatiently, over these almost daily announcements of one or two killed or wounded in scout and picket skirmishing! It comes home to us in Mr. B——'s case."

A few weeks later.

"Did you see that face at the window?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

I had observed the face—that of a young woman. It was visible for only an instant; but in that instant it had impressed me strongly, it was so white, so ghostly, so full of sadness and suffering.

"Yes, I saw it."

"There has been something more than bodily sickness," said the friend.

"Heart sickness. Pain that defies the leech's skill."

"It always touches me to see a face like that," remarked my companion. "Heart-blight in one so young—ah, it is sad, sad! How quickly the tender leaves shrink and fade when frost drops down on a spring blossom! Its life is drawn from the sunshine, and fails when the icy winds pass over. In later years we have more endurance. The heart is stronger to bear."

Not long afterward the same pale face and sad eyes looked out upon me from a carriage, and their image and expression remained with me as in a picture for many days.

"I am haunted by that face," said I, as it glided past me on the street, the eyes resting in mine for an instant. Was there not something of rebuke in them? I felt it so. And yet they were to me the eyes of a stranger.

"Unhappy one! sorrow has touched you early with his blighting fingers." So I spoke with myself as I walked on musing. "Has love failed, or the shadow of death fallen over the threshold of one dearer than life? Ah, is there not in the experience of one soul, tried in the fire as thou assuredly hast been, pain enough to make our hearts shiver in the bare imagination? First the stunning shock of a fearful calamity; then the awakening to pain as life begins to stir in the bruised and broken fibres and organs, in the quivering nerves and lacerated tissues; then the almost equally-balanced contest between life and death; and then the long period of slow recuperation, with its anguish of aching wounds, its helplessness, its despondency, its darkness. Ah! what a history is written in a face like thine, pale, suffering stranger! How little of all this is imagined by the passing crowd!"

Next I saw that face in church. It was still pale and sad, and bore a look of exhaustion, as from long-endured pain. But now there was in it a softer expression—a touch of resignation blending with pious hope.

"The Strong hath strengthened her;" so I said in my thought. "The burden was too heavy for her own soul, and she hath laid it upon Him. Her refuge is with the Comforter."

Often during the services my eyes turned involuntarily toward the young lady, who had awakened in me an interest little short of fascination. No more devout worshiper sat under the preacher's ministrations. She impressed me as one who had turned hopelessly from earth, and now rested all with Heaven.

As I moved down one of the aisles, after the benediction had been pronounced, the slightly-bowed form of Mr. B—— met my observation. He was alone. My thought went instantly to his wife sorrowing for her dead son.

"This may have indeed proved too heavy a burden," so I thought. "What a fearful weight to lay upon a mother's heart!"

"What!" I ejaculated, speaking half-aloud, as a new conviction flashed across my mind, "did that arrow strike there also?"

Mr. B—— had paused by the pew door from which the pale-faced young woman was stepping into the aisle and taken her hand. I did not see his face, but I noted a faint, sad smile on her lips. They passed out together. In the vestibule they lingered, and, in answer to a question, I heard Mr. B—— say,

"I think she is a little more like herself. Come and see her, won't you? It will do you both good."

Tears sprung to her eyes. My own were filling.

"I will come." I saw her lips quiver, as she thus answered, and then turned almost hastily away.

"Poor Alice!" said a voice near me.

"Doesn't it make you sad to see her?" was the response.

"Sad enough," answered the first speaker.

"They had been for some time engaged, and were to be married as soon as the war was over."

"Her friends feared a while for her reason."

"Yes, and then for her life. But she is steadily regaining strength of body and mind. I was glad to see her in church to-day. She was always pure and good, and God will comfort and sustain her."

"Mr. B—— was in church also."

"Yes. Poor man! He really looks broken."

"They say that Edward's mother has scarcely been out of her room since the dreadful news came. Oh, I have pitied her so much!"

The speakers passed on, and I heard no more.

"Only one killed! Hardly worth the cost of a telegram!"

It seemed as if some rebuking spirit had thrown these words into my mind. I was shocked, and sensible of a creeping shudder along my nerves. Then my mind was crowded with a myriad multiplication of the sorrow and pain which had followed that one death. A year, almost, of war, with hundreds of thousands in battle-array, and killing and wounding a thing of daily occurrence—alas! alas! What imagination can reach the fearful aggregate of woe?

When peace comes—when the hydra-head of treason lies crushed at the nation's feet—shall we pass the awful crime of those who, for selfish and wicked ends, turned our fertile fields into battle-grounds and cemeteries, and desolated our homes, as a light thing? Shall we give the fraternal hand, and offer the kiss of reconciliation, as though all were an innocent mistake or peccadillo? By the suffering and sorrow that remains unassuaged, no! Not revenge, not hate, not unforgiveness—no, not these for a Christian people; but a stern and abiding remembrance of the spirit that prompted the evils we have endured, and a never-ceasing condemnation of all who favored it in word or deed.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S CHARGE AT WILLIAMSBURG.

We illustrate on page 332 THE SPLENDID BAYONET CHARGE OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S BRIGADE at the battle of Williamsburg, and GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION IN THE SAME BATTLE; on page 333 we publish a portrait of GENERAL HANCOCK. On this page we publish a MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, showing the country which intervenes between Richmond and Yorktown. We think we may say that our Map contains every town, road, river, creek, and considerable village in the section of country where General M'Clellan is operating, and where the last act of the drama of Rebellion will be performed. General Hancock's charge is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

> The rebel general had seen our weakness, and sent a force of four thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry to attack us in the rear. As soon as they appeared in sight General Hancock ordered the artillery to retreat, and prepared to give them a proper reception.
>
> Waiting till the enemy had approached within two hundred yards, he placed himself at the head of his column, and, taking off his cap, turned to his men and said to them, as only General Hancock can say it, "Gentlemen, charge!" and with a yell they rushed upon the enemy, scattering them in every direction.
>
> This was probably the most brilliant charge made during the day. A great number of the enemy were left dead and wounded upon the field, while our loss was very small.
>
> Our regiments all did nobly, but none of them more so than the Fifth Wisconsin and Forty-third New York. Colonel Cobb and Major Larabee, of the Fifth Wisconsin, and Colonels Vinton and Pearson, of the Forty-third New York, are deserving of especial praise. The charge made by General Hancock saved us the day yesterday, in all probability. By the time our reinforcements had arrived General Hancock had driven the enemy from the field.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

We publish on pages 328 and 329 a number of pictures illustrating the retreat of the rebels from Yorktown and the pursuit by General M'Clellan; all from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. He writes us as follows of these sketches:

ROAD TO THE LAND FACE OF THE YORKTOWN FORTIFICATIONS.

This road leads through a desolate ravine, where the trees which formerly graced the sides have been cut down and burned, leaving black trunks and stumps upon the arid soil. An occasional dead horse, a caisson, a limber-box, and a dreadful stench mark the principal line of communication between the main works and the Warwick River defenses. In the distance is Lowe's balloon, taken to Yorktown early Sunday morning, to discover, if possible, the line of retreat of the secession army.

THE OLD NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

This is the largest house in Yorktown, and takes its name from its former occupant, Judge Nelson. It is of course in a filthy condition, as indeed is the whole town and its neighborhood except a portion of the fortifications, which are clean and very perfect. Cornwallis made this house his head-quarters, and for some time the patriot army refrained from firing in it, as it was the property of Governor Nelson, who had already sacrificed the rest of his property to the cause. When he heard of this he at once went to the trenches, and insisted that his dwelling should not be spared, training a gun on it, and firing the first shot himself. A dot between the two upper windows marks the place on the opposite side of the house which the ball hit.

REBEL MAGAZINE.

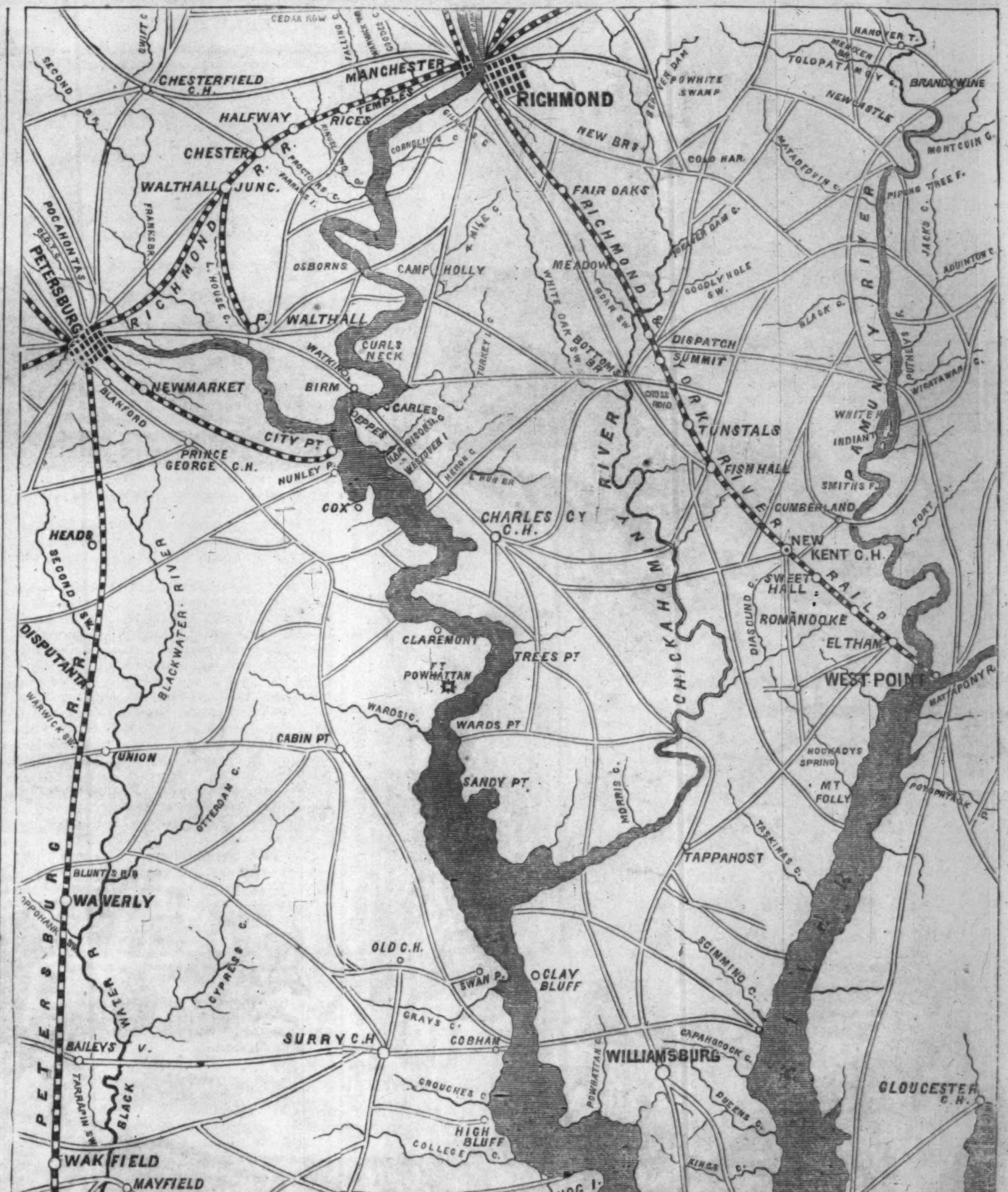
The river front of the fortifications is intersected by several deep ravines, used as covered ways between the works, and as shelter for the barracks and tents of the soldiers. They smell badly enough, causing those who inadvertently wander there to hurry off again as quick as possible. The magazine at the head of this hollow gives it a tomb-like appearance. What ammunition, if any, there may be in it will be found when it is certain there are no torpedoes in the way.

EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO.

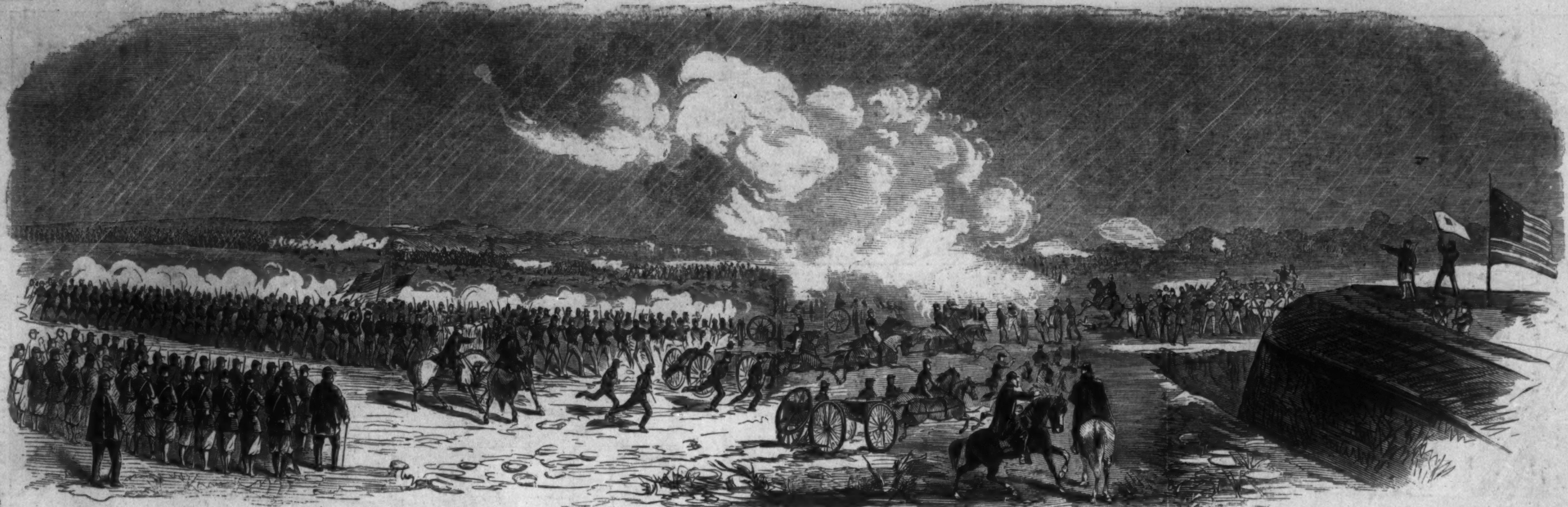
These vile arrangements of the enemy are shells placed under the surface, with a wafer and fuse just reaching the surface. Stepping on the wafer produces concussion enough to explode it, and thus cause the destruction of the unfortunate who treads on it. These are said to have been constructed purposely by G. W. Rains, at the Fayetteville Arsenal, and were placed about the works by his brother, General Gabriel J. Rains. One of them was placed in a large pitcher in the hospital, with a string tied to the table, that would cause its explosion on lifting the pitcher. This was discovered by some one lifting a piece of oil-cloth laid on the top of the pitcher to hide the contents.

FORTIFICATIONS OF YORKTOWN, LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER.

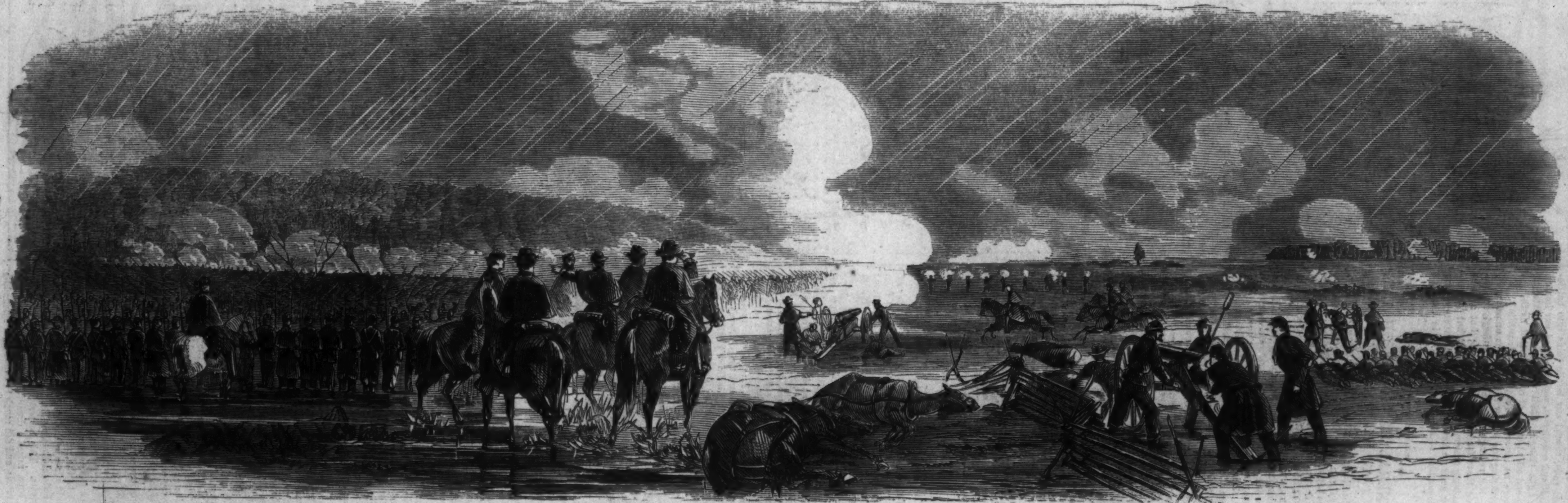
The scene from this point is very striking. On the top of the bluffs well-built turfed batteries command the water side. Following the beach we come to the principal water-battery, while on the distant shore is Farinholt's house, close to which is the Federal Battery No. 1. of 100 and 200 pounder Parrotts. This battery, worked by the Connecticut boys, raised a dreadful alarm in the minds of the rebels, and did much to cause their Skedaddle.


RICHMOND
MANCHESTER
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
HALFWAY
CHESTER
WALTHALL JUNC.
RICHMOND R.R.
PETERSBURG
NEWMARKET
CITY PT
PRINCE GEORGE C.H.
CURLS NECK
CAMP HOLLY
FAIR OAKS
MEADOW
DISPATCH
SUMMIT
TUNSTALS
FISH HALL
RICHMOND & YORK RIVER RAIL R.
NEW KENT C.H.
CUMBERLAND
ROMANOOKE
ELTHAM
WEST POINT
PAMUNKEY RIVER
CHICKAHOMINY RIVER
CHARLES CY C.H.
CLAREMONT
FT POWHATTAN
TREES PT
WARDS PT
SANDY PT
CABIN PT
UNION
DISPUTANTA
BLACKWATER RIVER
WAVERLY
OLD C.H.
SWAN P.
CLAY BLUFF
SURRY C.H.
COBHAM
WILLIAMSBURG
TAPPAHOST
GLOUCESTER C.H.
HIGH BLUFF
HOG I.
BACON CASTLE
WAKFIELD
MAYFIELD
IVOR
ZUNI
SMITHFIELD C.H.
YORKTOWN
MULBERRY
WARWICK C.H.
GLOUCESTER
YORK RIVER
JAMES RIVER
WINSOR
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R.R.
BIG BETHEL
HAMPTON
SUFFOLK
FTS MONROE
SEWELLS PT
HAMPTON ROADS
NANSEMOND R.
PORTSMOUTH
NAVY YARD
FT NORFOLK
GOSPORT
NORFOLK
SEABOARD & ROANOKE R.R.
MAGNOLIA
Dismal Swamp
CANAL

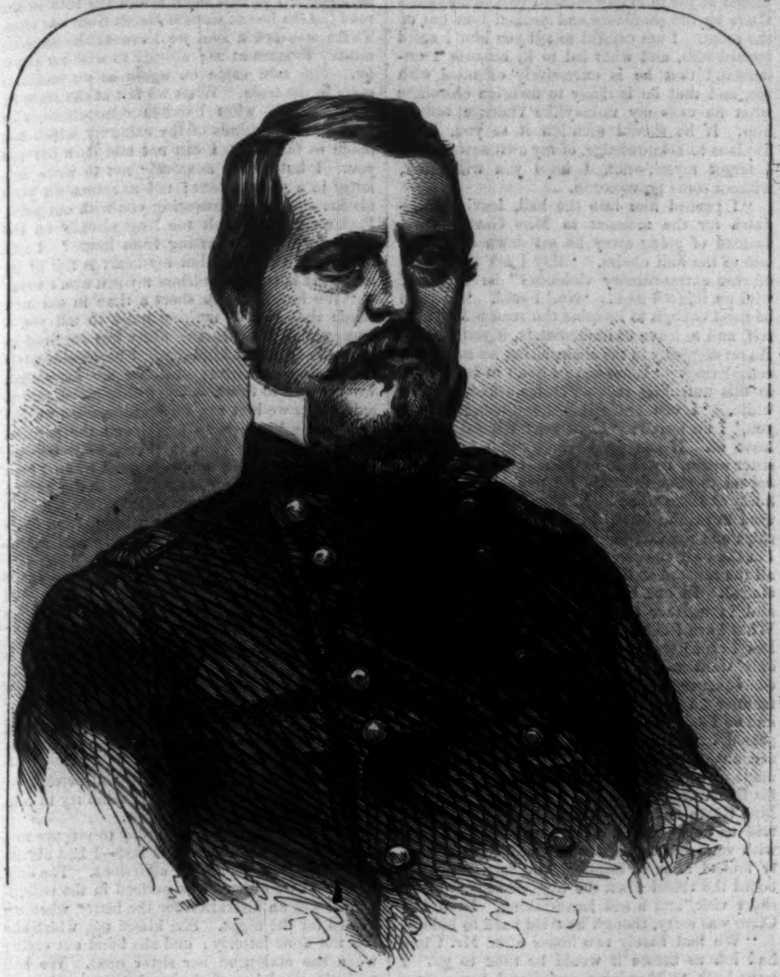
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.



GENERAL HANCOCK'S BRIGADE CHARGING THE REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



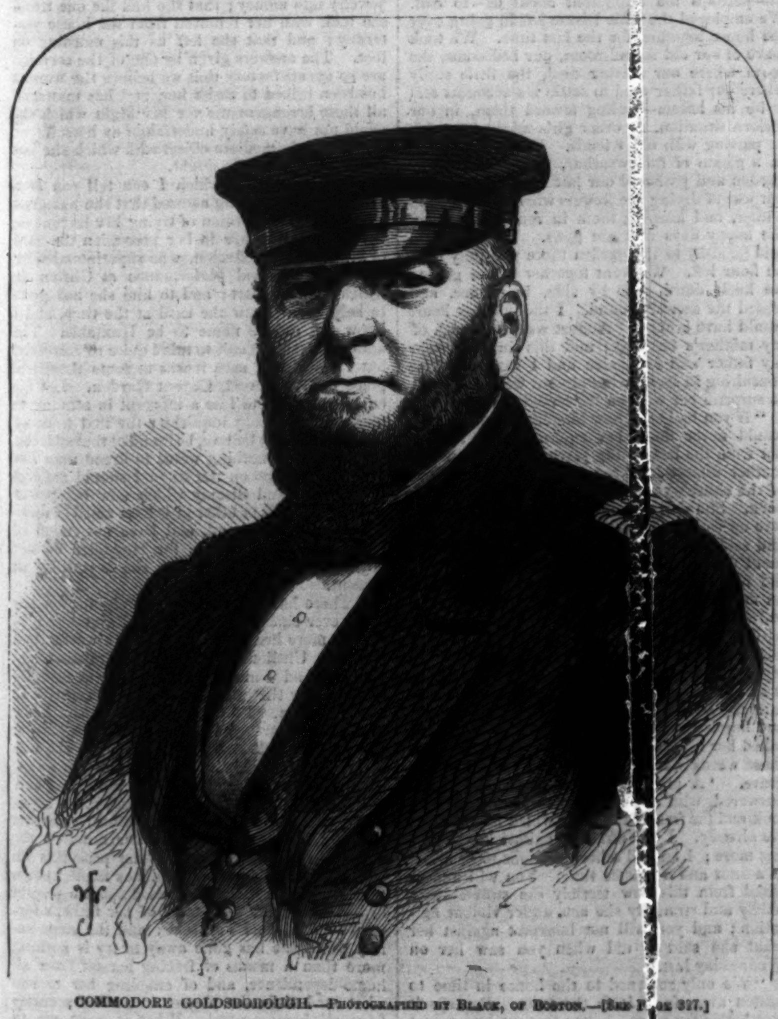
GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION ENGAGING THE ENEMY AT THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



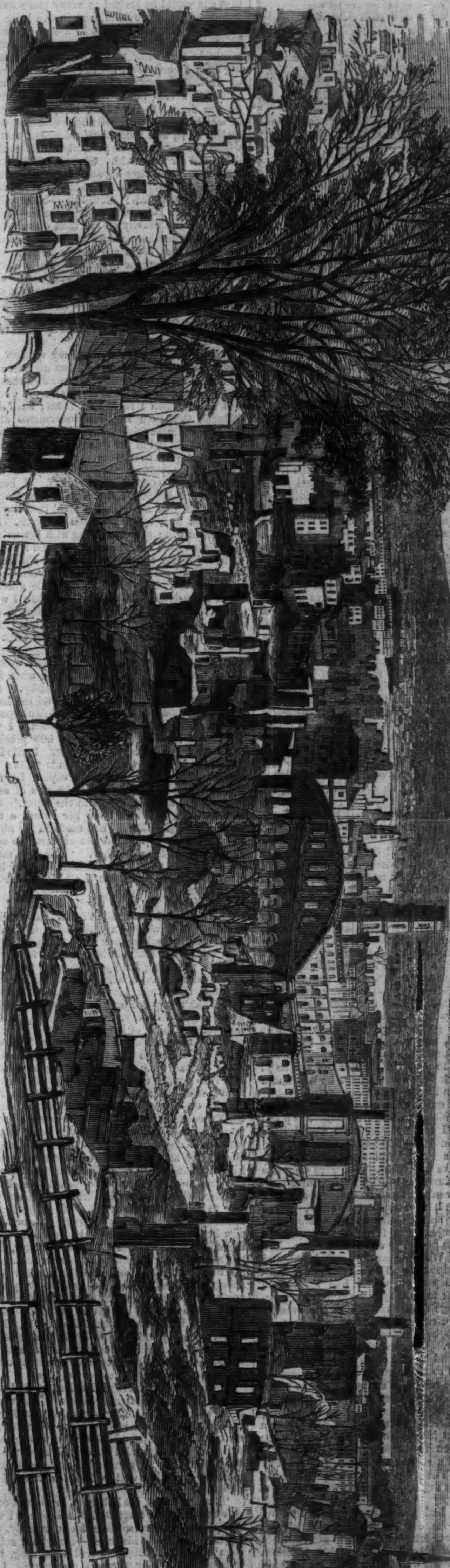
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.—[Photographed by Moran, of Philadelphia.]

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

Brigadier-General Winfield Scott Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, from which State he was appointed a cadet to West Point Military Academy in the year 1840. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1844, standing number eighteen in his class—in which was Simon Bolivar Buckner, the notorious rebel General of Fort Donelson fame. He was promoted to a brevet second lieutenancy in the Fourth United States infantry on the 1st of July, 1844; and on the 18th of June, 1846, received his commission as full second lieutenant in the same regiment. He served gallantly in the Mexican war; and in August, 1848, was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, his brevet dating from August 20, 1847. During the years 1848 and 1849 he filled the position of regimental quarter-master, after which he became regimental adjutant of the Sixth United States infantry. In January, 1853, he was promoted to a full first lieutenancy; and on the 7th of November, 1855, was appointed an assistant quarter-master in the Quarter-master General's Department, with the rank of captain. This position he held at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, and still holds that rank in the regular army of the United States. On the 23d of September, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and ordered to report to General M'Clellan. He has been since his appointment entirely in the Army of the Potomac, and his brigade formed part of the force that occupied Lewinsville on the 9th of October, 1861. He has also been engaged in several grand reconnoissances, which have generally been attended with success. The manner with which he advanced, attacked, and captured the redoubts of the rebels at Williamsburg has merited and obtained from General M'Clellan special mention and praise. General Hancock is much liked by his command, and his acquaintances speak of him as being a perfect gentleman in his manner and a pleasant companion.



COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH.—Photographed by Black, of Boston.—[See Page 327.]



RUINS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT TROY, NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1862.—Photographed by Schoonmaker, of Troy.—[See Page 323.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMORLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,
"*August* 14, 1846.

"DEAR MR. PENDRIL,—The date of this letter will show you that the last of many hard partings is over. We have left Combe-Raven; we have said farewell to home.

"I have been thinking seriously of what you said to me on Wednesday, before you went back to town. I entirely agree with you, that Miss Garth is more shaken by all she has gone through for our sakes than she is herself willing to admit; and that it is my duty, for the future, to spare her all the anxiety that I can, on the subject of my sister and myself. This is very little to do for our dearest friend, for our second mother. Such as it is, I will do it with all my heart.

"But forgive me for saying that I am as far as ever from agreeing with you about Magdalen. I am so sensible, in our helpless position, of the importance of your assistance—so anxious to be worthy of the interest of my father's trusted adviser and oldest friend, that I feel really and truly disappointed with myself for differing with you—and yet I do differ. Magdalen is very strange, very unaccountable, to those who don't know her intimately. I can understand that she has innocently misled you; and that she has presented herself, perhaps, under her least favorable aspect. But that the clew to her language and her conduct on Wednesday last is to be found in such a feeling toward the man who has ruined us as the feeling at which you hinted is what I can not and will not believe of my sister. If you knew, as I do, what a noble nature she has, you would not be surprised at this obstinate resistance of mine to your opinion. Will you try to alter it? I don't mind what Mr. Clare says: he believes in nothing. But I attach a very serious importance to what *you* say; and, kind as I know your motives to be, it distresses me to think you are doing Magdalen an injustice.

"Having relieved my mind of this confession, I may now come to the proper object of my letter. I promised, if you could not find leisure time to visit us to-day, to write and tell you all that happened after you left us. The day has passed without our seeing you. So I open my writing-case and perform my promise.

"I am sorry to say that three of the women-servants—the house-maid, the kitchen-maid, and even our own maid (to whom I am sure we have always been kind)—took advantage of your having paid them their wages to pack up and go, as soon as your back was turned. They came to say good-by with as much ceremony, and as little feeling, as if they were leaving the house under ordinary circumstances. The cook, for all her violent temper, behaved very differently: she sent up a message to say that she would stop and help us to the last. And Thomas (who has never yet been in any other place than ours) spoke so gratefully of my dear father's unvarying kindness to him; and asked so anxiously to be allowed to go on serving us while his little savings lasted, that Magdalen and I forgot all formal considerations, and both shook hands with him. The poor lad went out of the room crying. I wish him well; I hope he will find a kind master and a good place.

"The long, quiet, rainy evening out of doors—our last evening at Combe-Raven—was a sad trial to us. I think winter time would have weighed less on our spirits: the drawn curtains, and the bright lamps, and the companionable fires would have helped us. We were only five in the house altogether—after having once been so many! I can't tell you how dreary the gray daylight looked, toward seven o'clock, in the lonely rooms, and on the noiseless staircase. Surely the prejudice in favor of long summer evenings is the prejudice of happy people. We did our best. We kept ourselves employed, and Miss Garth helped us. The prospect of preparing for our departure, which had seemed so dreadful earlier in the day, altered into the prospect of a refuge from ourselves as the evening came on. We each tried at first to pack up in our own rooms, but the loneliness was more than we could bear. We carried all our possessions down stairs, and heaped them on the large dining-table, and so made our preparations together, in the same room. I am sure we have taken nothing away which does not properly belong to us.

"Having already mentioned to you my own conviction that Magdalen was not herself when you saw her on Wednesday, I feel tempted to stop here and give you an instance in proof of what I say. The little circumstance happened on Wednesday night, just before we went up to our rooms.

"After we had packed our dresses and our birthday presents, our books and our music, we began to sort our letters, which had got confused from being all placed on the table together. Some of my letters were mixed with Magdalen's, and some of hers with mine. Among these last I found a card, which had been given to my sister early in the year by an actor who managed an amateur theatrical performance in which she took a part. The man had given her the card, containing his name and address, in the belief that she would be invited to many more amusements of the same kind, and in the hope that she would recommend him as a superintendent on future occasions. I only relate these trifling particulars to show you how little worth keeping such a card could be, in such circumstances as ours. Naturally enough, I threw it away from me across the table, meaning to throw it on the floor. It fell short, close to the place in which Magdalen was sitting. She took it up, looked at it, and immediately declared that she would not have had this perfectly worthless thing destroyed for the world. She was almost angry with me for having thrown it away; almost angry with Miss Garth for asking what she could possibly want with it! Could there be any plainer proof than this that our misfortunes—falling so much more heavily on her than on me—have quite unhinged her and worn her out! Surely her words and looks are not to be interpreted against her, when she is not sufficiently mistress of herself to exert her natural judgment—when she shows the unreasonable petulance of a child on a question which is not of the slightest importance.

"A little after eleven we went up stairs to try if we could get some rest.

"I drew aside the curtain of my window and looked out. Oh, what a cruel last night it was; no moon, no stars; such deep darkness that not one of the dear familiar objects in the garden was visible when I looked for them; such deep stillness, that even my own movements about the room almost frightened me! I tried to lie down and sleep, but the sense of loneliness came again, and quite overpowered me. You will say I am old enough, at six-and-twenty, to have exerted more control over myself. I hardly know how it happened, but I stole into Magdalen's room, just as I used to steal into it years and years ago, when we were children. She was not in bed; she was sitting with her writing materials before her, thinking. I said I wanted to be with her the last night; and she kissed me, and told me to lie down, and promised soon to follow me. My mind was a little quieted, and I fell asleep. It was daylight when I woke—and the first sight I saw was Magdalen, still sitting in the chair, and still thinking. She had never been to bed; she had not slept all through the night.

"'I shall sleep when we have left Combe-Raven,' she said. 'I shall be better when it is all over, and I have bid Frank good-by.' She had in her hand our father's will, and the letter he wrote to you; and when she had done speaking she gave them into my possession. I was the eldest (she said), and those last precious relics ought to be in my keeping. I tried to propose to her that we should divide them; but she shook her head. 'I have copied for myself,' was her answer, 'all that he says of us in the will, and all that he says in the letter.' She told me this, and took from her bosom a tiny white silk bag, which she had made in the night, and in which she had put the extracts, so as to keep them always about her. 'This tells me in his own words what his last wishes were for both of us,' she said; 'and this is all I want for the future.'

"These are trifles to dwell on; and I am almost surprised at myself for not feeling ashamed to trouble you with them. But since I have known what your early connection was with my father and mother, I have learned to think of you (and, I suppose, to write to you) as an old friend. And, besides, I have it so much at heart to change your opinion of Magdalen that I can't help telling you the smallest things about her which may, in my judgment, end in making you think of her as I do.

"When breakfast-time came (on Thursday morning) we were surprised to find a strange letter on the table. Perhaps I ought to mention it to you, in case of any future necessity for your interference. It was addressed to Miss Garth, on paper with the deepest mourning border round it; and the writer was the same man who followed us on our way home from a walk one day last spring—Captain Wragge. His object appears to be to assert once more his audacious claim to a family connection with my poor mother, under cover of a letter of condolence, which it is an insolence in such a person to have written at all. He expresses as much sympathy—on his discovery of our affliction in the newspaper—as if he had been really intimate with us; and he begs to know, in a postscript (being evidently in total ignorance of all that has really happened), whether it is thought desirable that he should be present among the other relatives at the reading of the will! The address he gives, at which letters will reach him for the next fortnight, is, 'Post-office, Birmingham.' This is all I have to tell you on the subject. Both the letter and the writer seem to me to be equally unworthy of the slightest notice on our part or on yours.

"After breakfast Magdalen left us and went by herself into the morning-room. The weather being still showery we had arranged that Francis Clare should see her in that room when he presented himself to take his leave. I was up stairs when he came; and I remained up stairs for more than half an hour afterward, sadly anxious, as you may well believe, on Magdalen's account.

"At the end of the half hour, or more, I came down stairs. As I reached the landing I suddenly heard her voice, raised entreatingly, and calling on him by his name—then loud sobs—then a frightful laughing and screaming, both together, that rang through the house. I instantly ran into the room, and found Magdalen on the sofa in violent hysterics, and Frank standing staring at her with a lowering, angry face, biting his nails.

"I felt so indignant—without knowing plainly why, for I was ignorant of course of what had passed at the interview—that I took Mr. Francis Clare by the shoulders and pushed him out of the room. I am careful to tell you how I acted toward him, and what led to it, because I understand that he is excessively offended with me, and that he is likely to mention elsewhere what he calls my unladylike violence toward him. If he should mention it to you, I am anxious to acknowledge, of my own accord, that I forgot myself—not, I hope you will think, without some provocation.

"I pushed him into the hall, leaving Magdalen for the moment to Miss Garth's care. Instead of going away he sat down sulkily on one of the hall chairs. 'May I ask the reason of this extraordinary violence?' he inquired, with an injured look. 'No,' I said. 'You will be good enough to imagine the reason for yourself, and to leave us immediately, if you please.' He sat doggedly in the chair, biting his nails, and considering. 'What have I done to be treated in this unfeeling manner?' he asked, after a while. 'I can enter into no discussion with you,' I answered; 'I can only request you to leave us. If you persist in waiting to see my sister again, I will go to the cottage myself and appeal to your father.' He got up in a great hurry at those words. 'I have been infamously used in this business,' he said. 'All the hardships and the sacrifices have fallen to my share. I'm the only one among you who has any heart: all the rest are as hard as stones—Magdalen included. In one breath she says she loves me, and in another she tells me to go to China. What have I done to be treated with this heartless inconsistency? I'm consistent myself—I only want to stop at home—and (what's the consequence?) you're all against me!' In that manner he grumbled his way down the steps, and so I saw the last of him. This was all that passed between us. If he gives you any other account of it, what he says will be false. He made no attempt to return. An hour afterward his father came alone to say good-by. He saw Miss Garth and me, but not Magdalen; and he told us he would take the necessary measures, with your assistance, for having his son properly looked after in London, and seen safely on board the vessel when the time came. It was a short visit, and a sad leave-taking. Even Mr. Clare was sorry, though he tried hard to hide it.

"We had barely two hours after Mr. Clare had left us before it would be time to go. I went back to Magdalen and found her quieter and better, though terribly pale and exhausted, and oppressed, as I fancied, by thoughts which she could not prevail on herself to communicate. She would tell me nothing then—she has told me nothing since—of what passed between herself and Francis Clare. When I spoke of him angrily (feeling as I did that he had distressed and tortured her, when she ought to have had all the encouragement and comfort from him that man could give), she refused to hear me: she made the kindest allowances and the sweetest excuses for him; and laid all the blame of the dreadful state in which I had found her entirely on herself. Was I wrong in telling you that she had a noble nature? And won't you alter your opinion when you read these lines?

"We had no friends to come and bid us good-by, and our few acquaintances were too far from us—perhaps too indifferent about us—to call. We employed the little leisure left in going over the house together for the last time. We took leave of our old school-room, our bedrooms, the room where our mother died, the little study where our father used to settle his accounts and write his letters—feeling toward them, in our forlorn situation, as other girls might have felt at parting with old friends. From the house, in a gleam of fine weather, we went into the garden and gathered our last nosegay, with the purpose of drying the flowers when they begin to wither, and keeping them in remembrance of the happy days that are gone. When we had said good-by to the garden there was only half an hour left. We went together to the grave; we knelt down, side by side, in silence, and kissed the sacred ground. I thought my heart would have broken! August was the month of my mother's birthday; and this time last year my father and Magdalen and I were all three consulting in secret what present we could make to surprise her with on the birthday morning.

"If you had seen how Magdalen suffered you would never doubt her again. I had to take her from the last resting-place of our father and mother almost by force. Before we were out of the church-yard she broke from me and ran back. She dropped on her knees at the grave; tore up from it passionately a handful of grass, and said something to herself at the same moment which, though I followed her instantly, I did not get near enough to hear. She turned on me in such a frenzied manner when I tried to raise her from the ground—she looked at me with such a fearful wildness in her eyes—that I felt absolutely terrified at the sight of her. To my relief, the paroxysm left her as suddenly as it had come. She thrust away the tuft of grass into the bosom of her dress, and took my arm, and hurried with me out of the church-yard. I asked her why she had gone back—I asked what those words were which she had spoken at the grave. 'A promise to our dead father,' she answered, with a momentary return of the wild look and the frenzied manner which had startled me already. I was afraid to agitate her by saying more; I left all other questions to be asked at a fitter and a quieter time. You will understand from this how terribly she suffers—how wildly and strangely she acts under violent agitation; and you will not interpret against her what she said or did when you saw her on Wednesday last.

"We only returned to the house in time to hasten away from it to the train. Perhaps it was better for us so—better that we had only a moment left to look back before the turn in the road hid the last of Combe-Raven from our view. There was not a soul we knew at the station: nobody to stare at us; nobody to wish us good-by. The rain came on again as we took our seats in the train. What we felt at the sight of the railway—what horrible remembrances it forced on our minds of the calamity which has made us fatherless, I can not and dare not tell you. I have tried anxiously not to write this letter in a gloomy tone; not to return all your kindness to us by distressing you with our grief. Perhaps I have dwelt too long already on the little story of our parting from home? I can only say, in excuse, that my heart is full of it; and what is not in my heart my pen won't write.

"We have been so short a time in our new abode that I have nothing more to tell you—except that Miss Garth's sister has received us with the heartiest kindness. She considerately leaves us to ourselves, until we are fitter than we are now to think of our future plans, and to arrange as we best can for earning our own living. The house is so large, and the position of our rooms has been so thoughtfully chosen, that I should hardly know—except when I hear the laughing of the younger girls in the garden—that we were living in a school.

"With kindest and best wishes from Miss Garth and my sister, believe me, dear Mr. Pendril, gratefully yours,

"NORAH VANSTONE."

II.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMORLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,
"*September* 23, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write these lines in such misery of mind as no words can describe. Magdalen has deserted us. At an early hour this morning she secretly left the house, and she has not been heard of since.

"I would come and speak to you personally, but I dare not leave Norah. I must try to control myself: I must try to write.

"Nothing happened yesterday to prepare me, or to prepare Norah, for this last—I had almost said this worst—of all our afflictions. The only alteration we either of us noticed in the unhappy girl was an alteration for the better, when we parted for the night. She kissed me, which she has not done latterly; and she burst out crying when she embraced her sister next. We had so little suspicion of the truth that we thought these signs of renewed tenderness and affection a promise of better things for the future.

"This morning, at a little after eight o'clock, when her sister went into her room, it was empty, and a note in her handwriting, addressed to Norah, was lying on the dressing-table. I can not prevail on Norah to part with the note; I can only send you the inclosed copy of it. You will see that it affords no clew to the direction she has taken.

"Knowing the value of time in this dreadful emergency I examined her room and (with my sister's help) questioned the servants immediately on the news of her absence reaching me. Her wardrobe was empty; and all her boxes but one, which she has evidently taken away with her, are empty too. We are of opinion that she has privately turned her dresses and jewelry into money; that she had the one trunk she took with her removed from the house yesterday; and that she left us this morning on foot. The answers given by one of the servants are so unsatisfactory that we believe the woman has been bribed to assist her, and has managed all those arrangements for her flight which she could not have safely undertaken by herself.

"Of the immediate object with which she has left us I entertain no doubt.

"I have reasons (which I can tell you at a fitter time) for feeling assured that she has gone away with the intention of trying her fortune on the stage. She has in her possession the card of an actor by profession, who superintended an amateur theatrical performance at Clifton, in which she took part; and to him she has gone to help her. I saw the card at the time, and I know the actor's name to be Huxtable. The address I can not call to mind quite so correctly, but I am almost sure it was at some theatrical place in Bow Street, Covent Garden. Let me entreat you not to lose a moment in sending to make the necessary inquiries; the first trace of her will, I firmly believe, be found at that address.

"If we had nothing worse to dread than her attempting to go on the stage I should not feel the distress and dismay which now overpower me. Hundreds of other girls have acted as recklessly as she has acted, and have not ended ill after all. But my fears for Magdalen do not begin and end with the risk she is running at present.

"There has been something weighing on her mind ever since we left Combe-Raven—weighing far more heavily for the last six weeks than at first. Until the period when Francis Clare left England I am persuaded she was secretly sustained by the hope that he would contrive to see her again. From the day when she knew that the measures you had taken for preventing this had succeeded—from the day when she was assured that the ship had really taken him away, nothing has roused, nothing has interested her. She has given herself up, more and more hopelessly, to her own brooding thoughts; thoughts which, I believe, first entered her mind on the day when the utter ruin of the prospects on which her marriage depended was made known to her. She has formed some desperate project of contesting the possession of her father's fortune with Michael Vanstone; and the stage career which she has gone away to try is nothing more than a means of freeing herself from all home-dependence, and of enabling her to run what mad risks she pleases in perfect security from all home-control. What it costs me to write of her in these terms I must leave you to imagine. The time has gone by when any consideration of distress to my own feelings can weigh with me. Whatever I can say which will open your eyes to the real danger, and strengthen your conviction of the instant necessity of averting it, I say in despite of myself, without hesitation and without reserve.

"One word more and I have done.

"The last time you were so good as to come to this house, do you remember how Magdalen embarrassed and distressed us by questioning you about her right to bear her father's name? Do you remember her persisting in her inquiries, until she had forced you to acknowledge that, legally speaking, she and her sister had No Name? I venture to remind you of this, because you have the affairs of hundreds of clients to think of, and you might well have forgotten the circumstance. Whatever natural reluctance she might otherwise have had to deceiving us, and degrading herself, by the use of an assumed name, that conversation with you is certain to have removed. We must discover her by personal description—we can trace her in no other way.

"I can think of nothing more to guide your decision in our deplorable emergency. For God's sake, let no expense and no efforts be spared! I send my letter by private messenger: it ought to reach you by ten o'clock this morning at the latest. Let me have one line in answer, to say you will act instantly for the best. My only hope of quieting Norah is to show her a word of encouragement from your pen. Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely and obliged,

HARRIET GARTH."

III.

FROM MAGDALEN TO NORAH (INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING LETTER).

"MY DARLING,—Try to forgive me. I have struggled against myself till I am worn out in the effort. I am the wretchedest of living creatures. Our quiet life here maddens me; I can bear it no longer; I must go. If you knew what my thoughts are; if you knew how hard I have fought against them, and how horribly they have gone on haunting me in the lonely quiet of this house, you would pity and forgive me. Oh, my love, don't feel hurt at my not opening my heart to you as I ought! I dare not open it. I dare not show myself to you as I really am.

"Pray don't send and seek after me; I will write and relieve all your anxieties. You know, Norah, we must get our living for ourselves; I have only gone to get mine in the way which is fittest for me. Whether I succeed, or whether I fail, I can do myself no harm either way. I have no position to lose, and no name to degrade. Don't doubt I love you—don't let Miss Garth doubt my gratitude. I go away miserable at leaving you; but I must go. If I had loved you less dearly I might have had the courage to say this in your presence; but how could I trust myself to resist your persuasions, and to bear the sight of your distress? Farewell, my darling. Take a thousand kisses from me, my own best, dearest love, till we meet again.

MAGDALEN."

IV.

FROM SERGEANT BULMER (OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE) TO MR. PENDRIL.

"SCOTLAND YARD, *Sept.* 29, 1846.

"SIR,—Your clerk informs me that the parties interested in our inquiry after the missing young lady are anxious for news of the same. I went to your office to speak to you about the matter to-day. Not having found you, and not being able to return and try again to-morrow, I write these lines to save delay, and to tell you how we stand thus far.

"I am sorry to say no advance has been made since my former report. The trace of the young lady which we found nearly a week since still remains the last trace discovered of her. This case seems a mighty simple one, looked at from a distance. Looked at close, it alters very considerably for the worse, and becomes, to speak the plain truth—a Poser.

"This is how we now stand:

"We have traced the young lady to the theatrical agent's in Bow Street. We know that at an early hour on the morning of the twenty-third the agent was called down stairs, while he was dressing, to speak to a young lady in a cab at the door. We know that, on her production of Mr. Huxtable's card, he wrote on it Mr. Huxtable's address, and heard her order the cabman to drive to the terminus. We believe she left by the nine o'clock train. We followed her by the twelve o'clock train. We have ascertained that she called, at half past two, at Mr. Huxtable's lodgings; that she found he was away, and not expected back till eight in the evening; that she left word she would call again at eight; and that she never returned. Mr. Huxtable's statement is—he and the young lady have never set eyes on each other. The first consideration which follows, is this: Are we to believe Mr. Huxtable? I have carefully inquired into his character; I know as much, or more, about him than he knows about himself; and my opinion is, that we *are* to believe him. To the best of my knowledge he is a perfectly honest man.

"Here, then, is the hitch in the case. The young lady sets out with a certain object before her. Instead of going on to the accomplishment of that object she stops short of it. Why has she stopped? and where? Those are, unfortunately, just the questions which we can't answer yet.

"My own opinion of the matter is briefly as follows: I don't think she has met with any serious accident. Serious accidents, in nine cases out of ten, discover themselves. My own notion is, that she has fallen into the hands of some person or persons interested in hiding her away, and sharp enough to know how to set about it. Whether she is in their charge, with or without her own consent, is more than I can undertake to say at present. I don't wish to raise false hopes or false fears; I wish to stop short at the opinion I have given already.

"In regard to the future, I may tell you that I have left one of my men in daily communication with the authorities. I have also taken care to have the handbills offering a reward for the discovery of her more widely circulated. Lastly, I have completed the necessary arrangements for seeing the play-bills of all country theatres, and for having the dramatic companies well looked after. Some years since this would have cost a serious expenditure of time and money. Luckily for our purpose, the country theatres are in a bad way Excepting the large cities, hardly one of them is open, and we can keep our eye on them with little expense and less difficulty.

"These are the steps which I think it needful to take at present. If you are of another opinion, you have only to give me your directions, and I will carefully attend to the same. I don't by any means despair of our finding the young lady, and bringing her back to her friends safe and well. Please to tell them so; and allow me to subscribe myself, yours respectfully,

"ABRAHAM BULMER."

V.

ANONYMOUS LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. PENDRIL.

"SIR,—A word to the wise. The friends of a certain young lady are wasting time and money to no purpose. Your confidential clerk and your detective policeman are looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. This is the ninth of October, and they have not found her yet: they will as soon find the Northwest Passage. Call your dogs off, and you may hear of the young lady's safety under her own hand. The longer you look for her the longer she will remain, what she is now, lost."

[The preceding letter is thus indorsed, in Mr. Pendril's handwriting: "No apparent means of tracing the inclosed to its source. Post-mark, 'Charing Cross.' Stationer's stamp cut off the inside of the envelope. Handwriting, probably a man's in disguise. Writer, whoever he is, correctly informed. No further trace of the younger Miss Vanstone discovered yet."]

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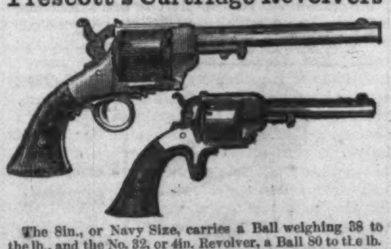

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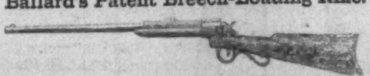

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